

DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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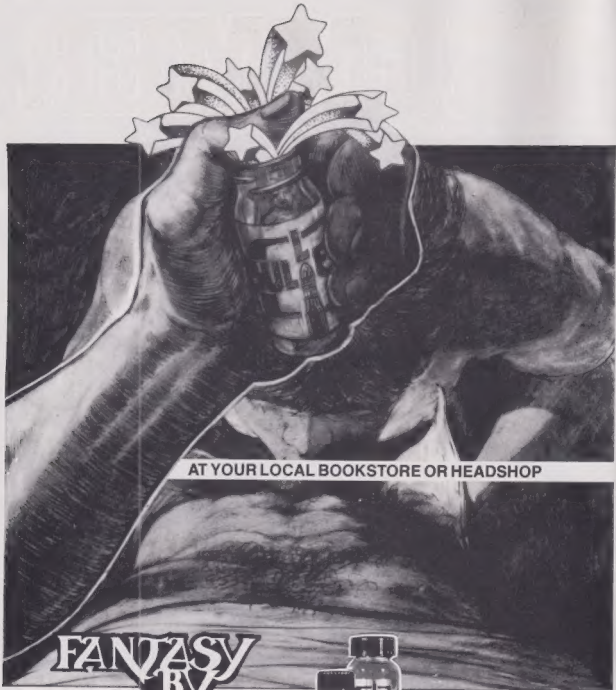
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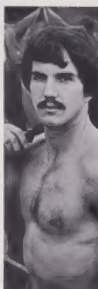
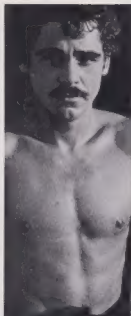
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DRUMMER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

16

- 6 GETTING OFF
6 MALE CALL: LETTERS
8 JOHN RECHY INTERVIEW
Author of the "Sexual Outlaw" discusses S&M with Robert Payne
12 THE PAINFUL PURSUITS OF PASOLINI
Updating the Marquis to Mussolini
16 S&M GYM
Chapter three of G. B. Misa's no-holds-barred muscle epic
20 HARRY CHESSE
America's favorite gay comic comes to DRUMMER
22 FAMOUS SADISTS OF HISTORY
Claudius and the Roman death arena
26 EROTIC DOTS
Do-it-yourself erotic art
28 ASTROLOGIC
Astrology for sadomasochists
29 CANCER
Illustrated by Tom Hinde
30 DRUMBEATS
The lighter side of S&M
31 BOOK SECTION
"My Brother, My Slave" by Kurt Kreidler
39 CENTERFOLD: TOM HINDE
8 pages of one of San Francisco's leading artists
47 CLASSIFIED
Now everyone can advertise
48 LEATHER FRATERNITY
Defining the leather lifestyle
55 DRUM COMICS
Bill Ward's continuing motorcycle odyssey
58 FETISH OF THE MONTH DEPT.
The leather enemy trip
62 DRUMMER VIEWS THE FLICKS
"STAR WARS" leads the parade
64 DRUMMER READS THE BOOKS
Riding the Midnight Express
66 PHOTO SPREAD: HAIRCUT
"Johnny gets his first haircut" with Jim Stewart
70 CROSS WORDS

- 72 DRUMMER SHOPPER
What's new and where to get it
74 WITH THE BIKE CLUBS
A rundown of the NYC MC's
76 BAR OF THE MONTH
A tour of New York's steamiest backrooms, plus a spotlight on Chaps
78 MENS BAR LISTINGS
Where the macho action is
82 IN PASSING
By Charles Lee Morris of the S.F. SENTINEL

DRUMMER

VOLUME 3/NUMBER 16

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GETTING OFF

THIS ANNIVERSARY ISSUE represents the end of our second year of publication. Issue #17 will be the first for Volume 3. To help us close this year, we have some pretty distinguished talent aboard. Bestselling author JOHN RECHY was kind enough to tell our ROBERT PAYNE what he thinks of S&M. TOM HINDE lent us enough of his original artwork to make an eight page folio. JIM STEWART took pictures of Johnny's first haircut and we go for a steamy tour of four of New York's hottest bars. Our piece de resistance is the arrival of HARRY CHESSE, the hero of all red-blooded American boys. HARRY has moved over to DRUMMER along with his creator, A. JAY, who will be our new Creative Director. BILL WARD's "DRUM" is violently with us, of course, and so are the first two chapters of the KURT KREISLER book, "MY BROTHER, MY SLAVE", which will be presented in its entirety.

Even with all this going for us, we felt we had to do something even more special, so we printed our RON HENRY cover in gold. This necessitated running Captain Rush on our back cover in gold instead of his familiar red and yellow. He looks a little like a sexy version of Oscar, the Movie Academy's award statue.

As DRUMMER moves into its third year, it is also moving to SAN FRANCISCO. The vitality and excitement of that fascinating city is an inspiration to anyone who has ever visited it. Much of DRUMMER's business and its contributors are in Northern California already. Both DRUMMER and THE ALTERNATE will be well-represented in Southern California with a new advertising staff and expanded production facilities.

THE ALTERNATE makes its debut shortly. It will be the nation's first only Gay Newsmagazine and will cover the Gay scene from coast to coast. Subscriptions and newstand orders are coming in at a rate that surprises even us. It will be monthly and may be purchased at most of the places you see DRUMMER. Subscriptions are \$15 a year for twelve issues. Write to us at 311 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94104. Photographs and manuscripts will be considered and returned promptly. We invite new contributors and stringers throughout the world to help us keep Gay America informed.

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

JOCK SUCKER
Dear Drummer:

As an avid reader of your magazine I would like to bring to your attention a strong fetish of mine—that of gym gear, particularly footwear. Nothing turns me on more than seeing a sexy-looking stud wearing sneakers, especially the kind with lots of rubber around the edge and over the tops of the toes, as on certain types of basketball and tennis shoes.

In MALECALL (Vol. 2/No. 13) a letter signed Steve, Glendale, CA, emphasized the same along with gym gear such as jockstraps. A couple of buddies of mine also share this fetish and we really get off sniffing each others' sweaty basketball sneakers and wearing each others' jockstraps around our face when we get together for sex.

So if ever you can get on this bandwagon, be sure to print plenty of copies. I, sure as hell, and a lot of others too, wouldn't want to miss it!

RUBBERMAN LOVER,
Detroit

TARZAN FAN
Dear Drummer:

Can you publish an article on the biography of the late Lex "Tarzan" Barker with many photos of him? I would like some big and clear photos of Tarzan Lex Barker in *Tarzan* and the *She-Devil*, some showing full body and some close up. Also shots from *War Drum*, *Girl in the Kremlin*, and *24 Hours to Kill* (where Lex swims in a water tank). But most of all, I like his Tarzan photos.

A READER,
(No address)

BOOT GUZZLER
Sir:

I am including a cheque for the amount of \$4. for issue #4 of DRUMMER. Although the required amount is only \$3. for the back issue, I am sending more because I want it to be sent first class mail. Otherwise the customs people will open the envelope and perhaps seize it. A subscriber from Sept-Îles Que. has had most of his DRUMMER numbers seized at customs because those creeps consider DRUMMER obscene and immoral. I have gotten all my numbers so far because I paid extra to have it sent first class.

So I am looking forward to getting #4 because the front cover is very erotic for me: a leatherman drinking from a boot!

I particularly enjoyed your last number with the article about the BOOT & SHOES CLUB in it. The part of the article concerning the initiation into a boot club was written into a very long and

detailed letter to the editor I sent to the now defunct JUSTICE WEEKLY.

Please publish more pictures about boot licking, boot sucking, slave's shoulders being used as footstools for booted feet, etc., etc., etc.

Yours truly,
ROGER
Canada

POSTAL ERECTION
Sir:

Your magazine is fantastic—I begin to get ready days before it comes, and get a hard on when I open it. The stories by Orlando Paris are simply magnificent—I almost reach climax just reading them and wishing I were his subject.

Sincerely,
GENE
Georgia

QUEER COMPLAINT
Men:

I am a DRUMMER subscriber and am sorry to report that I haven't yet received the latest issue. (It's in the Mail—Ed.) Please don't keep this poor slave waiting too long for the one mag I love so much.

Sincerely,
THE LEATHER PRINCESS
San Francisco

PS: It might interest you to know that I am trying to have sex change surgery, so I can be a real leather queer!

ESPECIALLY GONE ON
The Editor:

New Zealand has a small population and consequently there is no organized leather scene in the country — no bars, etc. and any leather gear has to be brought back from overseas trips. So your magazine is relied upon greatly to keep us up-to-date with what is happening overseas. At the moment there is no way of contacting others interested in leather life in New Zealand although a few of us have been able to make contact.

While I'm writing to you, I've two requests to make . . . there is a trend in DRUMMER away from good photos of leathermen — either posed or action scenes. Some of the one's I've enjoyed most were in the earlier issues — such as the leather bar and Mr. Leather evening. I'm especially gone on Kelway Pollack's outfit in the back of one issue (I think either No. 3 or No. 4). Sorry Val Martin, but if I'd been able to be there Kelway would have got my vote — can we have some more photos of him published please?

My other request relates to the international scene — I've seen references to leather activity in England, W. Germany and the Netherlands particularly, and to a

lessor extent in other countries (almost forgot Canada where I hear that there are quite a few centres of leather). Would it be possible to have a short series of articles on the scene in various countries with photos if warranted? I'm sure your U.S.A. readers who travel and your subscribers in other countries would appreciate this.

Thanks for your great magazine in the past - I'm looking forward to DRUMMER monthly.

K.M.
New Zealand

QUALITY VS. QUANTITY

Dear Drummer:

In regards to the DRUMMER article about our BAS Club, it would seem from the letters received so far, 84 in number, that most of them were from masochistic types, wishing to be hurt or dominated by a man in boots. While there is absolutely nothing wrong with that in our opinion, we are not an S&M club. Though there may be boot discipline at times, it never dominates the club. I believe a little force never hurt anyone, whether they were top man or boot dog.

As for us, we have always been exclusive, and as a result, have been scorned and looked down upon. The bike clubs won't even recognize us, though our interests sometimes seem to overlap. Therefore, we decided that quality should be the standard. From the experience gained from those loyal members of the old club, the bootist brothers were hard to find, having lived most of their lives in the closet with their boots. They enjoyed their playthings when no one was looking, afraid to expose themselves to the laughter of family, friends, and loved ones. They were labeled boot freaks, toe queens, and other hurting names by ignorant, narrow minds closed to this and many other subjects.

For some of the boot members, the knowledge of others like themselves in the BAS came just in time. . . when they were young and overwhelmed by their boot fetish, while others were older and well established in the knowledge that it was important to their mental and sexual welfare to give in to their unusual desires. For still others who never heard of us, suicide was the solution, and upon hearing of these unfortunates, we mentally cursed ourselves for being too late. The choice is there for you, for all of us to make. So go out into the world and seek out your understanding equal. Otherwise, stay in your closed and musty closets, real and of the mind, for you are not ready to reach out. . . and may never be.

The psychiatrist's couch may be the answer, but he will insist that you change your whole way of thinking, or adjust to living in your own private hell. . . perhaps even suggest that you find a good woman who would wear spike heels for you to fondle. Well, the BAS may be quite a ways from perfection, but we are learning, and feel that we have a much better solution than that. We make mistakes. . .

we get discouraged. . . we fall by the wayside. . . but we still spring back when we see another boot buddy who is in even sadder shape. So we stick a virile, masculine, booted leg out to him and say, "Grab hold. We'll pull you out of this mess, or trap, you feel ensnared by. Stick with us baby, we'll make you live again. . . or maybe love again!"

To shower love on an inanimate object like a boot, which cannot return either warmth or love, is certainly a one-sided love affair, but we'll try to show you what it's all about. . . what we feel it has been about in the past four years, 1968 through 1971. . . what it is about in 1977. Special thanks for a new awareness and appreciation of our viewpoint must go to DRUMMER, in addition to past issues of the FREE PRESS, the ADVOCATE, and JUSTICE JOURNAL.

So all of us have felt a need for something to fill a void in our lives, from the construction worker with the muddy, lace-up work shoes, and motorcycle cop who enjoys a deep-seated thrill by having a jail trustee put a high gloss shine on his high boots for 10 cents, to the military man who must spit shine his boots for inspection, and the truckers and cowboys who slowly and erotically pull off each others' boots in a motel or truck stop. We all know the business executive in his suit, tie, and Florsheim shoes, who can't wait to get home to his cocktails, city apartment, and his oily, heavy, leather-

smelling engineer boots he so lovingly caresses, and pulls on his feet in secrecy.

So we are what we are. Quality is the word. Boots is the magic word. Make use of the Boot Appreciation Society while it functions. The chance may never come your way again.

ARNE LARSEN
La Canada, CA

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JOHN RECHY

AUTHOR OF THE "SEXUAL OUTLAW"



Photos Courtesy JOHN RECHY

TALKS ABOUT S&M WITH ROBERT PAYNE

*DRUMMER's Robert Payne has interviewed gay author John Rechy to probe further the statements against gay S&M in his most recent book *The Sexual Outlaw*. Mr. Rechy's statements have caused as much furor in gay circles as in straight, and *DRUMMER* was anxious to illuminate in particular what the novelist and self-styled Revolutionary actually feels regarding S&M. There have been a plethora of Rechy interviews of late, ob-*

*viously in connection with the promotion of *The Sexual Outlaw*. While other interviewers have concerned themselves with discovering a literary justification for what we might call an intrusive, personal, and revealing documentary, this interview was conducted for the sole purpose of delving into Mr. Rechy's attitudes concerning S&M so that our readers may understand for themselves his criticisms and philosophy.*

DRUMMER: With that lead-in, have you anything to say?

RECHY: I know that some people have been very upset by certain sections of this book. I want here to emphasize something about S&M, it's important to emphasize this first: I'm not talking from a Moralist point of view: I'm not talking from the outside; and I'm not saying "Let's legislate against this." I'm talking about something that I have participated in, that I've been a part of. At one time I was very heavy — heavily — into S&M. In San Francisco. But also, and equally important, something that I am very fascinated, still, by. And indeed still participate in. But I'm increasingly trying to see where I think the destructiveness is and to purge myself of it, and then to try to share this knowledge.

DRUMMER: I liked very much your statement in the Sexual Outlaw: "Remove the idea of right or wrong, and then we can look at it."

RECHY: Yes. I'm very glad you picked that up. Let's withhold our verdicts on what we're doing until we don't have to deal with their shit, and then we can see where it's us and when it's not.

DRUMMER: Could you clarify the statement: "I believe in the need for full awareness that one is destroying one's self or another, no matter how willingly."

RECHY: We all need to explore fantasies that we don't understand or know where they come from. That's one of the main things that I'm calling for: Exploration. The exploration of where they come from, what they do, and do they purge? Now, to me one of the most enriching aspects of gay life is its tendency to enact fantasies. This is one of the things that puts the gay world like so far above the straight world. Fantasies are enriching. This is super. I am not, in any way, in this book talking against the enactment of fantasy. But, then, divide the fantasies. Where does one fantasy come from; where does another come from? Put S&M in the realm of fantasy, because most of it is charade. Much of it does not include real hurt — some does, we would be foolish to say otherwise — but most of it involves the pantomime: the ritual. So I think the matter is one of exploring which are the liberating fantasies and which are the reactionary fantasies? In an interview in a past issue of **DRUMMER** a gentleman into costumes stated: "EVERYBODY loves a cop. In spite of everything else, everybody likes a cop. You know, they do their little nasties, but basically everybody likes a cop." I bring this up because your magazine presented this man as representative of those into the uniform fetish. Now I'd like to say something about the "little

nasties." The little nasties that the cops do on us. The "little nasties" include, in the leather context, the incredible raid on the Mark IV. The shackling and turning of wrists into reality, the pinching of fantasy, the calling of names, the putting into cells, and putting four people through now the horror that I have been through — the horror of the Sexual Arrest: It can end up costing you thousands of dollars, it can wipe you out. One little cop "nastie" can end up costing you not only thousands of dollars, but also your life. If you read the newspapers you will see perhaps a suicide report, and then a little note — this happened recently with an actor — he was "scheduled for a morals hearing." All carefully glossed over. The "little nasties" of the police. Entrapment. About a month ago in Griffith Park on a Friday exactly 30 people were busted by the police. These are "little nasties"? Lives are ruined: Any person working with the State, if convicted of a felony or misdemeanor having to do with sex, he is through in any profession requiring a license. Sex Registration: Groping your cock is interpreted as masturbation and is a registrable offense. You will have to register for life! Indecent Exposure: Register for life! Are these "little nasties"? I don't like the designations "Right" and "Wrong," they smack too much of the shit that's been put on us, but if you ask if I think there are elements of hatred there, my answer would be a yes. That's my perspective ... let's put a microscope on this and see where it's coming from and see if it's not gay hatred. But to dismiss that litany of horrors as "little nasties"? I mean, I'm not judging. I mean, look in my book and when I write about the Mark IV, who do I come out and criticize? The cops. And who do I stand up for? Those who got busted. Then, I analyze what was going on, and I say, for interior consideration as one trying to move out of self-hatred but who still has it — "When I do rituals of S&M, and I do, I know what's implied. Do you?" I do know what's implied. I'm not that removed from it all — I mean, maybe two weeks ago — and later, later I wanted to analyze why I did that. There are strategic passes where I as writer voice my attraction to S&M.

DRUMMER: Will you explore that core further in your work, not so much the descriptive but the psychosocial involved?

RECHY: But I have done that. I have taken, deliberately and I thought very coolly, the three "defenses" — put that in quotes because I don't think any consensual act has to be defended — we're talking here in terms of definition of the three justifications of gay S&M. I'm talking only about gay S&M. I know how rampant straight S&M is, and I suspect

there are similar dynamics, but I'm talking here about gay S&M:

1. Comes of course from De Sade, and says that S&M is a ritual imitating Man's nature. There are the weak and there are the strong. Nature is violent, and so Man accepts his violent nature and in a sense S&M is the obeisance that we choose to override a part of nature. How does one answer that? Of course it's true, but explore it in this way: We constantly deal with the destructiveness of earthquakes and fires. Do we cope with them by imitating earthquakes and fires? No. The energy to combat the destructiveness of nature causes us to move away from what destroys towards that which creates. We have built homes and moved out of caves in order to get away from the lacerating qualities of nature. We have laws against rape and murder in order to temper man's basic instinct to destroy. The thrust of history, barbaric as it is, has ideally always been to purge out the negative — whether it is of an external nature (earthquake) or internal (rape). This negativism in facade is rationalization number one, but I argue that evolution is the triumph of the positive over the negative, not the imitation of the negative (destructive).

2. S&M doesn't deal with hatred; S&M deals with love. It doesn't deal with pain, it deals with a new dimension of pleasure." That is clearly an argument that counters itself because, by arguing that, you acknowledge pain to be negative and hatred to be negative. So you deal with it by calling it other than what it is. I would trust the honesty of S&M if they said, as I do when I'm into S&M — O.K. Should I take the time here to talk about what happens to me when I'm into an S&M thing? I know that there's self-hatred involved although I play the (I hate the phrase) "top." I know that I'm involved in a ritual of self-hatred, gay self-hatred. Because I'm gay myself, and in turning the other man into an object so that he becomes the "Queer," I externalize my own feelings. I'm saying that he's the queer; I'm gonna force him to do these acts. Hell, we're BOTH gay, and all I'm doing is involving myself in a ritual in which I let him stand for that part of myself which is still lurking with straight-indoctrinated gay hatred. Instead of facing myself with "Look, you're still an aspect of that straight bullshit! Deal with it." I go out with a guy that will play bottom — or whatever we call it — I hate those terms.

3. This last rationalization often used — and I deal with these in *The Sexual Outlaw* — claims fantasy absorbs what could become real violence; if one satisfies a need in fantasizing, one does not have a need to actually do the violence,

the assumption being that we all have a great undercurrent of violence — and this is true, we all do. So we are asked to believe that if we did not perform the rituals of pain and humiliation, all this ugliness would be thrust outward. What does that mean? That we would then go and get unwilling victims? We would rather dump on the willing? That sure makes a lot of sense, unless you examine it closely. Gay S&M is not based on defiance of straight mores at all. It is based on the imposed mores of the straight world on the gay.

DRUMMER: Would you agree with Genet and his sense that morality was what was right, at that moment, in order for him to go on as he chose?

RECHY: NO. Let me find here in the book — Oh, You've underlined it: the quotation from Camus which serves as an epigraph for the book:

"Living an experience, a particular fate, is accepting it fully . . . It is not a matter of explaining and solving, but of experiencing and describing."

—ALBERT CAMUS
The Myth of Sisyphus

This is what I set out to do in my book. I'm not a goddamned spokesman. We have too many of those. Too many "gay spokesmen." What the fuck is a gay spokesman? Have you ever heard of a heterosexual spokesman? It's ludicrous. I mean, think of it: "David Frost: Heterosexual Spokesman."

DRUMMER: Anita Bryant?

RECHY: We should be happy with her remarks lately. She's also attacked women who perform *fellatio*: "They're worse than homosexuals." So now she has really tipped over. This is great. Even the people who were saying "Well, she's got a point," all of a sudden are seeing that this is a fuckin' mess. I mean, who the fuck is she? She's a faded, never-really-star. That is true perversion.

DRUMMER: Denying any person his or her point of view?

RECHY: It goes beyond that. People kind of lose sight of the fact that what is involved is something that is just so fucking basic. Y'know, this is no far out sucking or fucking on the streets; it is just simply letting people live where they want and be open if they happen to be public officials. When we begin to explore from the basis that we're not going to legislate against consenting behavior nor call it sick, from that basis what follows is an examination, whether it is an evaluation of the gay cause or a better way to grow trees. This is how we learn. NO-THING should be legislated against which is consensual. It is not the province of the Law, nor does it have to do with arbitrary morality. People like Ms. Bryant, however, begin with that fatal misconception that morality is not in the pursuit of freedom, so they have to step in — not only to stop but to punish.

DRUMMER: They address the 'norm' as something real, rather than a theoretical tool that aids analysis.

RECHY: The 'norm' is what I call "the gray middle," and that is one of the things that I am most critical of in the gay movement: it tries to define itself in straight terms. I want to emphasize again: I have not only been there, I am

still there; but I am grappling with it. These are my explorations, so that I will no longer have to hate anyone for being gay, including myself. It's a public exploration on my part. Earlier I said that with *The Sexual Outlaw* I have committed myself. Genet is very true to his vision, whether I agree with it or not, and I hope I will be, too. It is very important that it be underscored, and I'm sure I'm going to have to do it over and over, *Never, Never* do I say to anybody: "Stop it! This is wrong!" I do not believe in that. I implore that we explore it. Explore it. And then I say further that this



is how it looks to me from the inside — not from somebody who's looking down to condemn how ugly this is. I knew that I would get stinging criticism from the straights. Some people are just frozen — withholding reviews, not knowing how to cope, even just yesterday cancelling an interview because the editor just couldn't deal with it. O.K. Some straight people are having apoplexies over it. I also expected criticism, and am getting it, from gays ranging from S&M to the religious people — the "religious" ones that are straight imitators, who want to be so straight: "Jesus, the last thing we need is someone telling us about revolution when we simply just want to go off and grow our ferns and have nice couples over for dinner." But, on Genet: I do not like his obsession with Fascism. It's very curious that Sartre and some of the other French left-wing intellectuals have converted Genet into this heroic figure when Genet is politically and sexually quite fascist. This is also something I find prevalent in the S&M faction.

DRUMMER: What are your sexual politics?

RECHY: My whole concept is one of Revolution: Sexual Revolution. Not of going out and shooting people, I think that's clear, but Fucking — a joyful Revolution where you simply fuck in front of everybody, suck or whatever you're into, and do it in the open. This is mind-boggling. If you do this in public, I mean, if orgies are done in public — which is why I call the book *The Sexual Outlaw*, you purge the mind. Why can we eat in public, or go to boxing matches, hockey, but can't have sex in public? The moment people think "Why indeed? Why not?" that in itself is revolutionary. A purge by what we call 'promiscuity.' In terms of Revolution there are the revolutionary and counter-revolutionary elements. My definition of the revolutionary elements is inclusive of anything that brings about pride, where we can say: Look, you have fucked us over. Straights, we are grappling with your guilt. We have nothing to feel guilty about. We're going to fuck and suck. This is our specialness. We're going to have a lot of sex. You don't like it because you can't have sex that way. You don't have parks, you have police chiefs rotting in repression . . .

. . . What is counter-revolutionary is anything that sucks energy inward. Revolt must be thrust out to conquer the enemy — not, in my sense, with guns, but with sex — defiance with sex. S&M is definitely counter-revolutionary because the rituals of defiance are turned inward. We play 'queer and straight.' To the point: a recent issue of *DRUMMER* carried two stories. I read this issue because of its review of my book and to be familiar with your work before this interview, but it's important to say that I had to do no special research or digging to find these. O.K.? This is one. It concerns a White master-type who is involved with a young Black. We get this passage told by the White about the Black:

"It was part of my overall plan to break down the arrogance I found in him, certain he had watched *Roots* on television some weeks before and

must just be especially vulnerable because of it."

He then maneuvers to destroy the newfound pride that this Black, struggling from slavery, to break down the pride and "arrogance" that this man, striving through all the bullshit of the White Establishment has put on him the murder, the rape, the pillage; breaks it down and then insists that he be called "Masser." And the broken man keeps saying, "Yes, Masser. Yes, Masser." And then totally subjugated repeats, "Right, Masser. Yes, Masser." Point one, this is an overtly Racist story. This is an odious story to me. Translate this. Say that this was a straight guy telling the story and the Black was gay, and the gay had just been bursting with pride over having read *The Sexual Outlaw*. This is to make it extremely personal to me man, and tells how I read this fuckin' thing. The straight man makes him kneel before him and pay obeisance while destroying the pride the man had known. This is Racist! This is in your magazine! The same issue carries this story. A story about a married straight man, the epitome of butch, man. I mean, like, the whole dream fantasy. His wife is described in total derision, as a total 1950's symbol of Sexism. Any woman would hate this, and I think we're all in it together, man. The person that says 'queer' says 'broad' says 'chink' says 'kike' says 'nigger.' O.K. His wife, he's a straight man — he doesn't like queers — is a bleached blonde, big tits, reads "The Inquirer." This young homosexual comes in touch with this great big butch straight guy. Finally, they manage through all kinds of humiliation to get together, and this is the straight man talking to the homosexual

"Slurp on that asshole," he snarled. "I didn't take a shower. Saved all that shit for you. Lick it clean you cocksucker. Fucking toilet." He pisses on the gay man and then says: "Damn! I missed your queer mouth."

This is a straight man and these are the words he is using: "cocksucker" and "queer." He is married. He wants 'real sex,' connecting sex to a woman; he uses a queer as a toilet. These, in one issue of *DRUMMER* reeking with the Sexism that has destroyed us. The ads abound with: "No Orientals or Blacks." The ads for humiliation repeatedly, "No fannies, Orientals, or Blacks." I ask you, how can we demand Anita Bryant stop calling us queers when we have these fantasies going? One, in which we humiliate a Black man and reduce his pride that's where we're moving toward, man! Pride! Two, in which we have a straight man, not gay, mistreating a gay young man calling him 'queer' and 'cocksucker.' How can we possibly say "Liberation" and have a mock slave auction? Liberation means throwing away chains. The Mark IV people say they were holding the Slave Auction to support Gay Liberation. A Slave Auction in support of Gay Liberation? Queers enchained? What's happening? There's a whole contradiction there. A horrible contradiction! Nazi uniforms? They started killing us before they went on to Jews. Police uniforms? They would just as soon shoot us if they could get

away with it! They hate us. So, I'm saying, let's look at these stories, let's look at this guy with his cop obsession, and let's see. Let's not legislate against it or call each other names or say "You're sick!" I'm not saying anyone is sick, I'm just saying are we not doing a ritual in imitation of the straights' hatred of us? And are we not allowing ourselves to wallow and grovel in that self-hatred? This all comes from confusions of Before, and instead of saying: God, they were fucked for doing this to me, they had no reason, instead of externalizing this rage and using the rage to help toss off the guilt,

The incredible courage required to simply go and cruise; it's not a matter of not risk-taking. There's an enormous risk taken. Your life can be turned upside down in one instant. A cop can merely come up to you and say, "You're under arrest for . . . He will say whatever he wants—we know that cops lie, they're notorious for it."

we carry it through in rituals of punishment again and again and again. We confuse what was done in contempt with Love

DRUMMER There are some things we individually find cathartic sexually. When you discover that catharsis, for whatever reason it comes on, don't you think it imperative it be used to purge — without lamenly using it as an excuse not to deal with yourself?

RECHY I would differ in that where you used the word 'cathartic' I would use 'sublimation.' I define S&M as destructive because it gets into gay humiliation humiliation for being gay, punishment for being gay, derision of gay. I say it in *The Sexual Outlaw*. I don't believe there are gay Sadists, there are only gay Masochists. The gay Sadist is playing 'straight' man — he is therefore playing the oppressor who oppressed him. I put everything that is wrong with gays on the pressure straight society exerts on us.

DRUMMER: A trap I fell into was an immediate defensiveness and a rush to rationalize my sexuality in this case to you. But you seem to be saying, in effect, that we should think about what we do, think. In self-awareness is the key to a stronger future for us.

RECHY: Right! And I'm not against sexual fantasies that have power overtones. Anyone reading *The Sexual Outlaw* will find that to be something I am very much into. Sex is inseparable from the power rituals. I'm saying we need to purge gay-hatred from them. While fantasy enhances the sexual experience, can't we just remove this emulation of our enemies, their terms of derision, and

the homage to their uniforms?

DRUMMER Would a uniform represent oppression anymore than a cock represents rape?

RECHY: Certain uniforms do inescapably the cop uniform will. Inescapably the Nazi uniform will. The cops are symbols of straight oppression of us. Perhaps those are the only two irreconcilable uniforms. The others, man, why, I wear Army shirts.

DRUMMER: So you make a judgement there?

RECHY A 'judgement' No, man. **DRUMMER:** You do. You seem to be saying these two are not allowable.

RECHY: Allowable? Never would I say, never, never, never, that anything, consented to is "not allowable." I think you'll find me a totally permissive person. But I think one has that right to critic ze. And when one puts on the uniform of his own oppressor, well, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Then one celebrates the oppressor. But I don't say don't do it. I have found that a lot of people in heavy leather gear are not truly into S&M. They get into some terrific loving sex — not meaning that sex has to have love, that's another kind of bullshit — sex is sex, and sex is fine with or without love. I can understand people wear uniforms, they attract, just like I wear tank tops to show off my body. It's not a matter of wearing the leather. It's the matter of gay humiliation and hatred. I'm proud of myself and my body. I like myself, and I like showing my body, so for myself I don't like costumes that clothe. Anyway, so a lot of people look like they're into S&M and are probably not. However, the bars cater to them. I detest a bar that imitates a police station. A police station for us, man, while we're getting busted? But say people are not into leather, but they're making all their contacts in a bar that duplicates a dungeon. Psychologically that's got to hang on, that all your sexual contacts are made in a dungeon surrounded by chains and the sounds and sights of the police. Whether you're into S&M or not an unconscious absorption happens. These atmospheres of repression have nothing to do with liberation. I heard a haunting story recently. A friend of mine who is so gentle and good, but sexually into S&M, told me about going to an L.A. bar where he saw this cute kid. He walked up to him then noticed his pants were wet. My friend asked what had happened and the kid answered, "Well y'know, I was just standing here and this big guy just came over to me and opened his fly and started pissing on me." Then my friend says to me, "Imagine man! Just imagine! How far we've come!" Well, how far have we come when this kid's first impression was of getting pissed on? The lack of responsibility of some of us is awesome.

DRUMMER: All sexual behavior comes out of some need.

RECHY: This is an area where all kinds of people are pouncing on my book. I'm not a humble person and I don't believe in humility there's a lot putting one down and you shouldn't put yourself down. I like myself very much. I

Continued on Page 70

DRUMMER 11



THE PAINFUL PURS



By ED FRANKLIN

Photos Courtesy PETER ADAMS

The films of Italian writer-director Pier Paolo Pasolini increasingly revealed the seething undercurrent of erotic violence that was ultimately to result in his brutal death recently at the hand of a pickup street hustler. As his international fame grew, and Pasolini was able to exercise more and more control over his work, the homosexual and S/M aspects of his basic nature were more overtly revealed, surfacing most blatantly in his final epic, *Salo, or 120 Days of Sodom*, loosely based on the three volumes of de Sade (rare stills from which adorn these pages, thanks to Peter Adams).

Pasolini was born (1922) in northern Italy's Etruscan, epicurean and educational center, Bologna, where, during the fifteenth century, the young Girolamo Savonarola had honed the S/M aspects in his fiery personality. The nascent movie-maker's natural father was a nobleman, but Pier Paolo retained the name of his mother, a beautiful girl descended from Friulan peasant stock who was destined to appear as Christ's mother in her son's noteworthy *Il Vangelo secondo Matteo* (*The Gospel According to St. Matthew*) in 1964.

Not surprisingly, Pasolini's childhood was rent with insecurities, shunting around from one northern Italian town to the other, his teenage years of development paralleling the spread of fascism. Benito Mussolini had taken over the reins of dictatorship in Italy the year of Pasolini's birth, and his imperialistic ambitions culminated with the bloody conquest of Ethiopia in 1935 (Vittorio Mussolini's son, made worldwide headlines that year when he described his bombing of naked earth-bound natives as "exceptionally good fun").

Little is truly known of the future film-maker's childhood years, except that he began writing poetry at the age of seven. Although his early formal education was erratic at best, he was accepted to study at the University of Bologna (Europe's oldest, having been founded in 1158), in his old hometown. He did not complete his studies there, however, and a few years after the end of the Second World War moved to Rome (1950), which was to be his home base for the following ten years.

That decade of the fifties was to see Pasolini's emergence as a writer of some note, for, beginning with 1952, he authored many books including poems, criticism, and novels, peaking with *Una Vita Violenta* (*A Violent Life*) in 1959. But of greater significance is the fact that in 1954 he began collaborating on film scripts, including Fellini's sensuous *Le Notti di Cabiria* (*Night of Cabiria*) in 1957 and Bolognini's *Il Bell'Antonio* (*Handsome Anthony*), starring Mastroianni and Cardinale, in 1960.

Ready now to clutch a director's megaphone, he put his own screenplay *Accattone* (*Beggar*, with connotations of hustling) before the cameras in 1961. It

WITS OF PASOLINI



caused a sensation with his groundbreaking acceptance of total nudity and casual violence, and, although crotchety critic John Simon found it "an extension of neorealism to essentially obnoxious, or, at least, opprobrious characters, mostly pimps and whores," cineasts throughout the Western world acknowledged that a highly original cinema sensibility had surfaced.

Pasolini's every succeeding film was to stir controversy. In 1962, his *Mamma Roma*, with Anna Magnani in a typically stunning performance, featured one scene in which a handsome boy is strapped spreadeagle to a table for the application of electric torture to his genitals. It was a scene foreshadowing many later efforts — "Pasolini was never one to pass up the opportunity to film nude boys" that would reach their apogee in what turned out to be his final work, *Salò*.

But first was to come *Rogopag* (1963), one of those episodic group efforts also involving Roberto Rossellini and Jean-Luc Goadard. Pasolini's contribution, *La Ricotta*, resulted in his being given a four-month suspended prison sentence for "offending" the Roman Catholic religion. Meant as a pseudosatire on religious films and man's inhumanity to man, it became, to quote Simon again, "chiefly a pretext for dragging in various

pederastic types and jokes in which Pasolini revels."

It also featured Orson Welles "in the depths of his degradation: a horrendous leviathan, beached and barely capable of moving its bulk, heavily sneering at everybody to overcompensate for its physical and spiritual paralysis." Needless to say, that puffing paragraph is also through the discourtesy of sniggering Simon.

The next year (1964) saw the release of *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, a literal visualization of its subject matter still seen here on independent television stations regularly around Easter-time. Cast with unknowns chosen Fellini-like for their "look," *Gospel* was obviously made out of love for Jesus as man (or Man, had Pasolini not been a member of the Communist Party), and provides a harrowing look at poverty, disease, pain, and grief. The suffering Christ on the cross is a far cry from the cosmetized American versions of de Mille and Stevens, and even Simon has to admit the film to be "at least partly compelling through complexity, sternness, and a quality of fiery aliveness."

Pasolini in 1966 essayed a change of pace with *Uccellacci e uccellini* (*The Hawks and the Sparrows*), a fantasy dealing with the symbolic journey of a man and his son to "the city," in the course of

which they are joined by a Communist crowd. One remarkable episode stands out, in which the crowd transmutes its human traveling companions into two monks around St. Francis of Assisi, whom the saint orders to convert "the hawks and the sparrows." It is beautifully conceived, written, directed, and photographed — all by Pasolini.

After a couple of lesser efforts, he brought out his supreme effort, *Teorima* (*theorem*) in 1968 (which he also published as a novel). It concerns the sexual spell exercised over four members of a well-to-do upper-class family — husband, wife, teenage son, and daughter (to say nothing of their maidservant) — by an ambisexual, godlike stranger played with erection-making intensity by Terrence Stamp at the peak of his Billy Budding desirability.

Pasolini's camera is no less infatuated with this handsome actor than are the other cast members (to say nothing of audiences), and in one epoch-making scene zooms in for a lingering extreme close-up on Stamp's trousered yet barely-contained genitals as he sprawls open-thighed in a lounge chair. What might perchance be left to the stunted imagination in this lengthy shot is totally — if briefly — exposed in a later scene when he strips to the buff and bounds into bed

for the seduction of the teenage boy.

The capitolistic husband, somewhat deranged by his own sexual capitulation to the stranger, suddenly presents his factory to the laborers, and finds himself

in a railway station. There, in the preciously-chosen words of Parker Tyler, his "eyes are drawn to the figure of a robust, attractive youth lolling outside the men's room in a most suggestive, apparently 'professional' pose: he is (as the vernacular has it) showing his basket." When the boy, obviously having made contact, provocatively enters the men's room, the ex-factory owner shudders in resistance to the bait, takes off all his clothes, and is next seen wandering nude in a wasteland of volcanic rock.

All of Pasolini's personal proclivities are pinpointed in these sequences — nudity, seduction, threats of violence, the fusing of Communism with Catholicism. Each of the characters enchanted by the seducer comes to no good end (prophetic of the *auteur's* own destiny?) as the wife becomes a nymphomaniac who picks up young men in the street, the daughter goes into total paralysis and is institutionalized, the son "degenerates" into the wildest of modern art manners "where urinating on his canvases is one modulation," and the maid is transformed into a levitating "saint" who supervises her own burial-alive.

After the heavy-handed two-part

Porcile (Pigsty) 1969, and a disappointing *Decameron* (1971), Pasolini eventually confronted de Sade and made *Salo*, a French-Italian co-production which was precipitously banned in Italy and enjoyed a huge, long-running success in Paris. As its release in the States is dubious, we are indebted to Paris-based critic Peter Adams for what little information we have about it.

According to Adams, Pasolini places the film in a modern setting in Salo, a small town outside Rome — during Mussolini's reign, equating "Mussolini's fascism with de Sade's degradation." It is divided into three parts: Circle of Pleasure, Circle of Shit, and Circle of Blood.

"Three middle-aged lecherous libertines gather up all the good-looking boys and girls in town and cart them away to a castle in the country where the 'festivities' begin. Boys and girls are savagely fucked, people eat shit and boys are hideously tortured to death . . . It's one thing to be fucked," Adams notes, "but quite another to eat shit and have your cock cut off or your pecs grandad."

"It's not," he concludes, "for the faint-hearted." □





S&M GYM

By G.B. MISA

chapter 3

At six-fifteen, of the morning of November 12th, the studied leather belt screamed through the air, tearing at my naked ass. I jerked away, desperately trying to hide behind the clothes rack, but Killer McKenna cornered me in the walk-in closet where I slept. He was inexorable and merciless. The black belt whistled through the air, raining blows on my legs, my chest, my belly.

"You lazy son of a bitch!" Killer snarled as his massive arm shot out, jerking at my hair, dragging me out of the closet, through the lobby and into the gym proper.

He dumped me on the carpet like a sack of potatoes, slapping me hard across the face. Stabs of pain ricocheted through my sleepy head as he towered over me, the belt raised high. His thick muscled legs spread wide as he bent over, bracing his body. I screamed as the belt ripped at my tender flesh. I watched in *horrid* fascination as the welt formed on my body, starting at my belly button and ending at my left nipple. It changed from pink to angry red and finally tinged with purple.

The dream . . . at six-fourteen I was in the middle of it when the belt smashed against my flesh . . . I was eight years old . . . we were living in Modesto, California near the outskirts of town. Mom had run away with a musician and Dad was in the kitchen getting drunk on dago red. I tried to open the screen door quietly but it squeaked.

"That you, George?" His deep voice slurred with wine. My small hand trembled as I pushed the report card at him. One glance at the straight row of D's and his mouth turned down into a scowl. "Get the razor strap, kid!"

"Oh, Daddy, I'll get straight A's next report card!" My heart pounded like a trip hammer as I pressed my hand against his rock hard leg. I loved him even though he wasn't my real father. I didn't remember the real one. He'd been killed in a truck accident when I was two years old. My new father was a wrestler in high school and fought professionally in the early sixties but he was a bleeder and had to quit. He was forty-two years old but in terrific condition as he worked out in the local boxing club.

I sat on his lap. I made sure my ass pressed against his crotch. There was no reaction so I changed position, squirming. I glanced at his rugged face. Suddenly it was beet red and I knew he wasn't going to whip my ass with the razor strap. Not that day!

"You get better marks next month, George! Okay?" "Oh, yes, Pa, I promise. Cross my heart and hope to die!" I squirmed harder, now boldly jumping up and down on his lap. I could feel his cock stiffening against the warm thinness of my blue jeans.

Pretending I was moving to a different position I pressed the palm of my small hand directly down on the huge cockhead that was straining against the corduroy of his work pants.

A guttural sound came from deep inside him. "God! Damn! George!"

What Daddy? . . . asked innocently. A sluggish green fly landed on the kitchen table. Cupping my hand I caught it and then slammed it against the floor, killing it.

"You know what you're doin' to Daddy, don't you?"

"Sittin' on your lap." My hand pressed harder against his raging hard on.

"C'mon, George!" He picked me up and carried me into the bedroom. The early afternoon sun poured through the bay window onto the unmade bed. He sat on the edge of it, pulling down my blue jeans. He pulled me close and I felt his huge dick pushed hard against my tiny one.

"Ain't gonna use the razor strap on you, kid!"

"What are you gonna use on me, Pa?"

He flipped me over on my stomach and I was lying across his lap. "You're a bad, bad boy!"

The palm of his calloused hand came down on my tender ass, flesh faster and faster and I felt the warmth spreading to my hairless cock and balls.

"Nice and red . . . nice and red," he whispered. His huge index finger gently probed my tiny pink hole. I closed my eyes tightly, relaxing completely as the giant finger slipped into my butt ass. Rapture filled my body as Daddy slipped in another finger and pushed them all the way inside me. It felt so good. It made me feel secure and happy. I was giving Pa what he wanted. He'd been so sad since Ma had left him for the musician.

Dad stood over me, spreading his thick legs wide, planting his heavy work shoes into the shag rug. He jerked me to my feet. He was six feet four and my face was a few inches higher than his crotch. I knew I wouldn't have to get down on my knees to make love to the big warm thing between his legs.

"You think you're smart enough to find Junior?" "Oh, yes, Pa! I can find him all right!" My hands eagerly unzipped his fly, expertly reaching inside. It was so long and so hard I had trouble pulling it out of his cocky shorts but finally it flopped out, bouncing against the side of my face.

It was nice and warm against my cheek. I stared hard at the huge drippy knobhead.

"Kiss it, George!" His voice was a low moan as he pushed his body forward.

First I gave the drippy head a loud wet kiss. Then I stuck out my tongue, licking at the warm drool. It tasted terrific. Reminded me of when I was a little baby and Mom shoving the baby bottle in my mouth. "Can I play with your balls, Daddy?"

He didn't answer. Instead he gently pushed my head toward the huge knob. I opened my mouth as wide as it would open. I realized that I was growing. For the first time I managed to stuff the blood gorged cockhead into my small mouth.

"Oh, my God! Feels good, kid . . . terrific!" My right hand pressed his buttock muscle and I felt him tremble.

"Spit on it, good! Get it nice and wet, 'cause Daddy's gonna give his boy a royal fuckin'!"

My mind twisted back to reality as Killer's rather belt smashed against my vulnerable ass. Then he jerked my head forward, pointing my face at the huge wall clock. "You see the fuckin' time, cocksucker!" He screamed. He was so mad that spittle ran down his chin.

My heart was in the pit of my stomach. I was supposed to start my first four hour workout at six in the morning. "I . . . I'm sorry, boys!"

"Shit, you'll never be a champion pullin' this shit!" His rugged face twisted in anger. "You wanna be a fuckin' nobody for the rest of your life?"

"No sir, I don't."

"Then you gotta work your ass off." His curly dark hair swirled down over his forehead, glistening with sweat. His mountainous chest muscles rippled under his thin white skin.

"How the fuck do you think I made it in pro football, huh?" He stepped forward, his ham-like fists clenched. His thick ten inches bounced against his hairy leg.

"Work! Work! Work! Every God damned day! You can't be lazy! You got that?"

His words echoed and re-echoed, bouncing around in my head, going deeper and deeper . . . into the past . . . the same words. *You're a no good lazy bum, George! . . . Daddy yelling the words at me . . . on and on . . . and now I knew, Dad and Killer McKenna . . . spitting images of each other . . . giant*

men with dark curly hair and pale blue eyes and... and...

My dream... was it a wish fulfillment? I knew it hadn't really happened... at least I don't think it had. When I was eight I'd made an excuse to run into the bathroom when Dad was in the shower, always staring at his huge piece of meat, especially when he had a piss hard on in the morning. It was so beautiful. I wanted to suck it. But I was scared to make a grab.

Killer's hand pulled at his monstrous cockhead. Was he getting ready to jam it down my throat? There was no doubt about it. Killer looked just like Daddy, except his dick was thicker and longer. I let out a deep sigh. It had been so long since Killer had shit his life into me down my throat, so long since he'd fucked me half to death next to the squat rack. I wondered... would Killer ever let me suck on that juicy piece of meat again?

Killer threw his head back and roared with laughter. The tattooed black panther was wide awake on his left arm. He stepped forward, his legs spread wide, gripping the monster between his legs. I sank to my knees, opened my mouth and waited for the hot stream of yellow piss.

"You ain't gettin' your breakfast piss this morning, shit-head!" He turned on his heel. "Gonna piss in the fuckin' urinal. It deserves it more than you!"

"I won't oversleep ever again, boss."

His hands were on his hips. "Well, asshole?"

"Well, what, boss?"

"Yer fuckin' legs. Like toothpicks!"

Selfconsciously I stared at my thighs. They didn't compare to my upper body. In the last two weeks I'd added a solid inch of muscle to my pecs and a half inch on my biceps. "Sir, I do six sets of squats with three hundred pounds!"

Killer scratched his ass in disgust. "Don't you know that the Mr. Bay Area contest is comin' up in three months?"

I pulled my eyes away from his huge dong. "What about it, sir?"

His index finger hit my chest. "You, asshole, are gonna represent the Killer McKenna gym!"

"Me?" I was shocked. "Three months?"

"Yeah, you, as the only... damn, in a fist into the palm of his hand for emphasis. "You better win first place or I'm gonna lock you in the walk in closet and throw away the fuckin' key. You got that?"

"I'll win it, sir, I will!"

"If you do win, your reward is right here!" He grabbed his huge piece of meat and waved it at me. "It can be your lollipop for the night!"

"Thank you, sir!" He whacked at it and it started to grow. I groaned inwardly. Would I have to wait three long months to get Killer's dick? The son of a bitch. I'd quit my job as manager of the Stonestown gym. I'd knocked down a thousand a month. Now I was making zilch. I felt like crying as I stared at his half hard prick.

He was so close I could smell it. "Continue doing six sets of full squats but push it up to 350 pounds." His dick was still growing.

"Yes sir!" My eyes riveted on the red knobhead.

"Also add six sets of half squats with 500 pounds. That should bulk up your thighs. Got that?"

"Yes, boss!"

"And quit staring at my fuckin' dick! It's almost six-thirty! Get to work, asshole!" He was still playing with the monster as he left the gym.

I thought my legs were going to fall off as I finished the last rep of my six sets of half squats with 500 pounds. I was on the verge of tears from the pain. I staggered to the lobby in time to open the doors for the morning rush. Then I ran to the locker room to check out the steam room, the showers and the showers. Ever since Killer had shoved my face into a stinking toilet bowl in front of Rip Powell, I'd kept the locker room sparkling clean.

Rip Powell, the golden boy of baseball, was working for Killer during the off season. Ever since that first night, when I'd sucked him off and he'd returned the favor, he'd kept his distance. He was terrified I'd tell Killer that he was a cock sucker. Yeah, the macho stud superstar home-run king of the Miami Studs. Rip was a beautiful looking man with his tousled golden hair and his Catfish Hunter moustache. He'd strut around the gym in his blue b kini with one ball hanging out. He moved with his Superman chin thrust forward arrogantly

What I really liked about Rip was his milk white ass that contrasted with his golden tan. His buns were twin mounds of solid muscle that somehow had their own gravitational law that made them stand at attention.

It all came down at ten o'clock sharp that evening. The ast member left and I was vacuuming the red rug. Rip sprawled on the sit-up board leaning through PLAYBOY still with his ball hanging out the side of his blue bikini.

Killer stormed into the gym from his office. "What the fuck you doing, man?"

Rip stuck out his chin. "I'm lookin' at the fuckin' pictures. What in hell you think I'm doin'?"

Killer clenched his fists. "You're a lazy creep! You don't do a fuckin' thing around here, you asshole!"

Rip jumped t his feet legs spread wide, ready for action. "Nobody calls me an asshole and gets away with it!"

They stood motionless, two magnificent animals readying themselves for the battle to the death. Watching, I almost felt like the Emperor Caligula. I moved closer, licking my lips, my cock suddenly stiff. Killer wore sweat pants that hung low, down to the crack in his ass. A trickle of sweat ran down his mountain of a chest.

"You're an asshole, Rip!" Killer said the word again.

Rip made a fatal mistake. He shoved at the ball that was hanging out of his blue bikini and Killer cold cocked him with a roundhouse right to the jaw. Rip's golden body sailed through the air and the gym shook as he slammed heavily down on his back, with Killer instantly on top of him.

Somehow Rip managed to jerk his legs upward, springing them forward against Killer's chest, throwing him hard on his back. Killer's head just missed a fifty pound barbell. Rip leaped on top of Killer, smashing his fist into his face. It looked as if Rip was going to win the battle as he sat on Killer's chest, smashing his fists into his face. Blood gushed from Killer's torn mouth.

I moved forward to help Killer but somehow he managed to throw Rip off his chest. They thrashed on the floor. Killer grabbed between Rip's legs, trying to lift him high over his head but Rip squirmed away and Killer was left with Rip's blue bikini in his hand. Now Rip was buck naked as they stood up and squared off. Like lightning Rip got a half inch on Killer's neck and Killer's huge fist smashed into Rip's solar plexus and the life went out of the golden giant. He fought on and on but it was hopeless. Killer's 225 pounds of rock hard muscle was too much for the golden boy of baseball. Finally it was all over. Killer sat on top of his chest with his heavy legs pinning Rip's arms to the red carpet.

"You give up, asshole!" Killer grinned sadistically. His hand wiped at the blood that oozed down his chin.

"Fuck off, prick!" Rip snarled.

Killer's hand smashed hard across Rip's face. His nose began to bleed. "Who's the boss?"

"Son of a bitch!" Rip tried to twist away but Killer had him firmly pinned to the gym floor.

Suddenly Killer released the golden boy. Rip, erked to a sitting position, glaring at Killer. "What the fuck you talkin' about?"

Again Killer slapped him hard across the face, knocking him supine on the floor. "You want more? I got plenty!"

Rip tried to stand up but his knees buckled under him. Again Killer grabbed him, this time by the hair. His hand smashed back and forth... back and forth. "That's enuff... that's enuff! I give up!" Rip screamed.

Killer laughed in his face. "We ain't even started yet, golden asshole!" His hand went down to his crotch, outlining the swelling monster in his sweat pants.

"I'm gonna hit a home run, Rip ole boy, up your bung-hole!"

"You're fuckin' nuts! Nuts!" Rip screamed, his fear filled eyes darting back and forth, looking for an escape route. "Get the fuck away from me!"

Killer stepped forward, towering over the prostrate ball player. My eyes feasted on Killer's crotch. Christ, his sweat pants stuck out in front from his hard on as he pulled at the string and they fell silently to the rug, revealing his fat ten inches of uncut dick. It stuck slightly upward, three inches away from Rip's face, pointing at his sensuous, wet mouth.

Rip jerked away, but now his back was against the full length wall mirror. There was no escape. I moved closer, my heart pounding, staring at the blue-green throbbing veins that

pulsed down to Killer's enormous blood gorged cock. I licked at my dry lips.

"Shit, you ain't kiddin' nobody." Killer put his hand on his hip and minced two steps slower to Rip. "I've heard all about the sex exploits of Rip Powell with the boys!"

Rip was greased lightning as he flew across the gym, his fist slamming into my face. I almost blacked out as I fell to the floor but instinctively my knee jerked upward into his guts and he fell forward, screaming, his hands clutching his belly. I hadn't been brought up in the streets for nothing.

Killer's foot shot out, flipping Rip onto his back. He bent down, spitting out the words, "George didn't tell me a fuckin' thing, asshole."

"Then who the fuck did?" Rip couldn't look at Killer.

"It's all over the grapevine," Killer put it to him straight. "You got caught suckin' Ponce Kowalski's dick in the locker room right after he shut out the P.Rates. Everybody knows Rip Powell is a fag. Shit, why don't you come out of the closet... like Dave Kopay?"

Rip's eyes were closed but he was listening. "Ain't no crime," Killer said. "I know you wanna suck my dick! That's why you're workin' here. When I take a shower you're always there."

"Rip gives a terrific blow job, sir." I couldn't help speaking. "You rotten pervert! Rip yelled. "When I get..."

Again Killer slapped him across the face. "One more word and I'll gag you with George's dirty rock strap. You hear me loud and clear, asshole?"

Their eyes held. After a moment Rip nodded his head. "Yes, I hear you!"

"Bout time!" Killer motioned to me. "Rim him out, George. Get him ready for Big Daddy here!" He pressed at his half hard meat.

Ripping off my rock strap I shoved Rip's legs high into the air. My tongue flicked out, touching the golden hair encircling Rip's gorgeous bung hole. I lapped at the tight pink hole like a Christy dog. After a while the cheeks of his milk white ass relaxed and his bung hole began to open up. Still it was tight as hell as I shoved my tongue into the moist warmth. He moaned softly as his hand grabbed his rigid cock. He was spurting pre-cum.

"Ready for Big Daddy, George?"

"Almost, sir!" My tongue dug deep into his golden ass. Spreading his cheeks wide I stifled my tongue, pushing it deep into the burning hot flames inside. Wow! Did Rip have a hot ass. It was like an oven at 350 degrees! I was convinced it was virgin territory as it was tight as hell.

"Ready for action, sir!"

Rip's golden flecked eyes darted back and forth... back and forth. His magnificent chest heaved spasmodically as he still fought what he really wanted. Then finally his eyes concentrated on the dripping monster between Killer's legs. Rip bit down on his lower lip but then he licked his mouth in anticipation. Rip was ready.

Killer plopped onto the sit-up bench, his huge legs spread wide. In his fist he held his monster prick. "Sit on it, Rip!" His voice was flat and ice cold.

For a moment Rip stared incredulously at Killer's immense stiff dick. Then he stood up, turned around and gingerly lowered his golden ass onto the giant prong. Suddenly Killer's hands shot out, grabbing Rip by the shoulders and jamming him down hard on the monster between his legs. My heart jumped a beat as Killer's ten inches magically disappeared under the milky white ass. There was dead silence and then the tortured scream ripped through the air, sounding like a horror movie. Killer gripped Rip in a vice-like hold and Rip couldn't budge. He was trapped with the giant dick deep in his hot guts. Now Rip's eyes glazed over... he drooled at the mouth... he began to cry softly, like a baby. Strangely, his gold flecked eyes turned a deep green. Saliva was dripping from his mouth. "Oooh... Oooh... shit... oooh... oooh." He groaned.

"Fuck him in the face, George!"

Tingling shocks of lust smashed at my groin as I rushed forward, cock in hand. I grabbed his thick, tousled hair, pressing my cockhead forward, touching his wet lips. Grabbing Rip by the ears I jammed my dick forward. But it was too much for me to handle. I shot all over his rugged face, my ass jerking crazily. My gism splattered on his forehead, his blond moustache, and dripped down his cheek. Finally I jammed it down his hot throat, holding his ears in my hands, pushing at his face

until his mouth was pressed hard against the blond pickup hair of my rock hard belly. Whew! I pulled my stiff hard dick out of his mouth and rubbed the length of it against his face, smearing my gism all over him. A blob of cum ran down his face, to his neck. Scooping it up, I shoved two fingers down his throat. He avidly licked my fingers and then sucked on them hungrily. His green eyes were filled with rapture. I couldn't say that I blamed him. Shit, he was a lucky dude, with Killer's enormous prong up his ass.

Now Killer lifted Rip into the air like a feather, still with his dick shoved deep inside the golden ass. Carrying Rip to an exercise bench he flopped him face down on it, falling on top of him without removing his cock.

Killer pumped away furiously at the milk white ass. My limp dick came to life and I whacked away madly. I moved closer, my nose a few inches away from Killer's monster. Killer jerked it all the way out and then slammed it home. Rip was screaming in passion... louder and louder and Killer was tearing into his ass harder and harder.

Their bodies jerked crazily as they screamed together. "Yaahhhhh... SHIT... CAN GLOOEY... FUCK!"

Killer's teeth bit deep into the golden muscles of Rip's back as he shot his burning hot gism deep into his guts. Rip shoved his ass up hard, grabbing at every inch of Killer's prick. There was a loud popping sound as Killer pulled out of the golden ass. Killer stood over the supine figure, looking down. Then he shoved Rip off the bench. Gism splattered all over the dark leather... It was Rip's.

"Lick up your dessert, George." Killer's voice was almost soft. His pale blue eyes twinkled as I licked at the slick leather, slurping Rip's gism into my mouth.

Rip lurched toward the locker room like a sailor on a rolling ship.

"Where the fuck you goin'?" Killer spit out the words.

"I... ah... I... ah..."

I couldn't believe my ears, arrogant, confident Rip Powell, the golden boy of baseball, was stuttering!

"Get your queer ass over here!" Killer snarled.

Rip stared hard at Killer but then he moved to the middle of the gym.

"Down on your fuckin' knees, asshole!"

They glared at each other for a moment and slowly Rip knelt in front of Killer.

"Clean my dirty dick!"

My hand pressed hard against my blood gorged knob as Rip licked his own shit from Killer's monster shaft.

"Hey, George," Killer motioned me closer. "You want sloppy seconds?"

"You mean, ah... I..." Now I was stuttering.

"Rip's hot ass is all yours, kid!" Killer leaned back against the gleaming lat machine. "Maybe you can hit a home run!"

"Sir, can I ask you a favor?"

"Have one on me, George Porgie."

"I wanna suck your cum outta his asshole."

"It's all yours."

Quickly I spread Rip's cheeks and shoved my face into his ass. Whew! It was like a hot oven. Killer's gism oozed out from the angry red hole and I slurped it into my mouth, swallowing eagerly. My tongue dug deep into the slimy ranchiness. I cleaned his hole thoroughly.

I slipped three fingers easily into Rip's shit hole as I shoved his muscular legs over my shoulders. His thick shaft was hard as iron with the scarlet head dripping with pre-cum. Seven inches up there... seven inches of hot dick!" I moaned.

I slammed it all the way up to the hilt. I caught Rip by surprise and he screamed but then it turned into a groan as his big hands reached my ass, digging into my flesh, pushing my pile driver even deeper into his boiling hot guts.

"Fuck it, George!" he moaned. "Fuck that asshole... shove that dick in me... harder... harder!"

I pumped away, slamming my dick into him. Electric shocks pulsed in my toes, moved to the calves of my legs, jumped to my asshole and finally concentrating in the boiling load in my balls. Screaming, I erupted, exploding inside the oven ass of Rip Powell, the golden boy of baseball.

I lay on top of him, licking his back, concentrating on the area where Killer's teeth marks cut into his tanned skin. I jerked my dick out of his ass and this time Killer didn't order him to lick the shit off my dick. When Rip finished I was hard again.

to be continued...

HARRY CHESSE VS. THE PYTHON!

BY A.JAY

AND SEVERAL GOOD COMIKES

OUR CAST OF GOOD GUYS 'N BADDIES



1. HARRY CHESSE...

BY DAY HE IS THE COOL, HIP, S.F. PUBLISHER OF "WET SWEAT" A DAMP PHYSICAL CULTURE MALE MAG - WITH WATER SPORTS OVERTONES. BUT THIS BONVIVANT, WHO LEADS AN APPARENTLY GAY, DEBONAIR, WORLDLY, WEALTHY-BACHELOR-PLAYBOY-ABOUT-TOWN... HAS A DARKER SIDE!!

FOR BY NITE (AND OCCASIONAL WEEKENDS), HARRY IS THE TOP CRIME FIGHTER FOR F.U.Q.G. - FEDERAL UNDERCOVER GAY GOODGUYS (A HOMOPHILE CIA AFFILIATE THAT SPECIALIZES IN THE MORE BIZARRE, DANGEROUS CASES OF THE STRAIGHT FRONT OFFICE IS INCAPABLE OF HANDLING)

NICKY MUSCLE IS HARRY'S HALF BROTHER AND WARD,

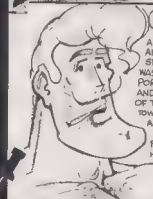


2. MICKEY MUSCLE...

AT A VERY EARLY AGE HIS MOTHER, THE BEARDED-PERSON OF THE RIMMING BROS. PICADILLY CIRCUS RAN OFF WITH A CRUELLY HAND-SOME GYPSY STUD. BOTH HARRY (A TEENAGE TRAPEZE STAR) AND HIS FATHER - BRAUNO (THE MAGNIFICENT) CHESSE TOOK THE ABANDONED YOUTH UNDER THEIR WINGS... N EVENTUALLY ADOPTED HIM... MICKEY SOON DEVELOPED INTO A GORGEOUS, SKIPPING HUNK OF MANHOOD... AND FOLLOWED IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS, BUT IT WAS HIS BROTHER HARRY WHO INTRODUCED HIM TO THE FUNKIER FACTS OF LIFE!

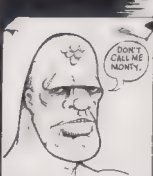
BRAUNO CHESSE LATER MARRIED A RATHER HAIRY... BUT EXTREMELY WEALTHY LADY, WHO WAS A G-STRING STYLIST FOR FREDRICKS OF HOLLYWOOD. UNFORTUNATELY, THE NEW MRS. BRAUNO CHESSE EXPIRED QUITE SUDDENLY ON THE 2ND WEEK OF THE HONEYMOON FROM INTERNAL COMPLICATIONS, RESULTING FROM AN OVER-ABUSED VAGINA.

BRAUNO THEN RETIRED FROM CIRCUS LIFE AND TOOK HIS BROTHER TO WEST HOLLYWOOD, WHERE HE STARTED MFG BRANDY FLAVORED PROPHYLACTICS FOR THE BEV HILLS GUCCI SET.



3. RANCID AGNEW...

IS THE ILLEGITIMATE SON OF A ONCE PROMINENT PUBLIC FIGURE AND VANILLA ICEBURG, A SCANDINAVIAN STRIPPER. A 60'S DROP-OUT, RANCID WAS INTO SURFING SEX DEALING AND PORN BEFORE HE GOT HIS ACT TOGETHER AND ENROLLED AT THE EUREKA ACADEMY OF TATTOOING AND ALLIED ARTS IN DOWNTOWN BERKELEY. HE WAS SPOTTED BY A FUGG RECRUITING AGENT ONE DOLLAR NITE IN THE DANK ORGY ROOM OF THE HAIRY ARMS BATH HOUSE. HE WAS RECRUITED ON THE SPOT.



DON'T CALL ME MONTY.

4. OUR STRANGE TALE BEGINS...

IN THE S.F. OFFICES OF FAROUT FAGS. A GAY UNDERGROUND MONTHLY. BUZZ PUCKER, THE ART DIRECTOR OF FF (AS IT IS KNOWN IN THE TRADE) IS WORKING LATE OVER HIS DRAWING BOARD. IT IS A VERY WARM NITE AND HE IS SUPER HORNY -! AN UNUSUAL AD IN THE DRIPPING DICK CLASSIFIED SECTION OF THE LATEST ISSUE CATCHES HIS EYE AGAIN FOR THE 7TH TIME!

BUZZ STAR IS MASSAGING HIS THROBBING MEAT THRU HIS TIGHT JEANS AS HE READS THE AD AGAIN...

REPTILE FOR RENT.

IF YOUR TRIP IS HEAVY MACHO ACTION-PACKED/OIL-SOAKED FANTASIES, CALL THE PYTHON AT 661-4844 - YOUR ULTIMATE SIM SCENE IS ONLY ONE HOT ORGASM AWAY!

5. THE PYTHON! A DEADLY ADVERSARY

4

BIG F... IS THE MYSTERIOUS CHIEF OF AGENTS FOR SF FUGG CENTRAL. (SEE ABOVE) NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN HIS FACE. MANY SAY HE'S JAMES DEAN (THAT CRASH TOOK IT'S TOLL, YOU KNOW). OTHERS CLAIM BIG F IS ACTUALLY BAGELS BRONSKY, THE YOUNG MULTI-MILLIONAIRE SOAK BREADSTICK CLAR, WHO COMPLETELY AND MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED ONE MOONLESS NITE INSIDE THE BACKROOM OF THE FOL-SOM PRISON BAR AND GRILL.



BUIZZ PUCKER THEN TRIALS THIS NUMBER...



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER HE ADVISOR AT A BASEMENT DOOR



WOW! HE IS FAR-OUT!

HE I M BUIZZ PUCKER I JUST SCOLD TO YOU ABOUT YOUR CRIPPING OVER CLASSIFIED AD I M ALSO JOAN SMITH N OIL SCENES

I WAS EXPECTING YOU COME IN



LATER THAT NITE, BUIZZ PUCKER WAS DISCOVERED HAIRED IN A DARK FOUL SMELLING C - A WYDASH THE ONLY TO TOSSER ONE BUT WULF T MPPA C HE HAD ALSO BEEN FRUSTRATED WOULD NOT BE GREAT AT



SOON AFTER, IN A GELUCID SE BAIHLELOR FLAT ON CERSO MEN'S MOVIE NITE IS A PRODUCE IS WHEN



NON RANCO REMEMBER THE PUDD MOTO

YEAH I KNOW DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE, YES!

ONE WAY WHAT A NOTEN FUN

GET DUMPS ONLY IF HAD A LEE IN WEEKS

WOW!

WOW!

BUIZZ HERE THIS IS A HOT FLASH ALERT I NEED YOU GUYS PREP TO ANOTHER VERY STRANGE SITUATION THIS TIME ONE, I AM THING A THE PAR MARCH OF OURS. TELLING HIM FOR LUCKY SAKER. PMS R BETA CRY IN M DASH NCTED A TRAVELER I DON'T MAN A WELSH TREL, AS FORTH TO W MARK IT REUT TELUM LIKE A STRONGER NARIN THAPPAN P MUMMA FATELMAH A AIR UNIVERSE AND I DON'T KNOW A BANGALAN MOST TOGETHER C O A AULCRATONED T O NAKELA TOW



WE HAVE GUR BLANKED AGAINST THE MALL IN FRENCY LOSTING MAN WALK NOT ON IS BET NO NERVO IS THE LO AL SF FLZ ARE PLZ-ED CHES IN T- CENTRAL IN AN HOUR FLUSH OVER, IN OUT!



AT PUCC, CENTRAL

THAT'S ALL WE HAVE ON THIS COCK-PUMPER CASE GUYS. SCROPT HALF THE VICTIMS WERE FROM THE BAYAREA, AND TALKED WERE ALL IN OVERGES FOR - JUNG THE COME AT THE TV GARD TO LIVE THIS CASE CLASS A PRIOR IN ANY QUESTIONS



ANY CLUES AT ALL IN THIS ONE 'BUIZZ P



A GAY UNDERGROUND RAG...?



TO BE CONT'D

CLAUDIUS

During the short, evil reign of the mad Emperor Caligula, he managed to arouse the animosity and hate of his entire empire with his excesses, paranoia, and insatiable frustration with his claims to be a god. Because he suspected Claudius, his stuttering, burnt-in, epileptic, sawing-uncle, of plotting against him, and he was the punishment to be by marrying him to a famous young beauty noted for her nymphomania, Messalina, and cause him a heart attack trying to satisfy her rampant sexual appetite.

It didn't work. Neither went near each other in their vast apartments in the emperor's palace.

Messalina used to have contests at feasts with other high born women as to who could sexually exhaust the most, attractive male servants and slaves. Messalina took a long series of men and boy lovers, of whom she quickly tired, and to make certain no other men or women enjoyed their talents, had them tortured to death before her. One of her favorite ways of dispatching used studs was to have them masturbated continuously for days by teams of slaves until they were either permanently impotent or died from exhaustion. Meanwhile, Messalina lay on a divan playing with herself while watching these handsome men suffer.

She also liked to secrete herself amongst groups of whores going in to gladiators' orgies given to them on the eves of their arena deaths, and enjoyed the feel and weight of these hand some, sweating, powerful brutes, smashing themselves into women while knowing themselves about to be killed, and trying to breed their very life force for posterity after their deaths. Finally Messalina's excesses became too great even for the tolerating Claudius, and he had her killed.

Caligula devised many unique methods of torture, and enjoyed dining while observing powerful men being excruciatingly tortured to death as he ate. He always had these men castrated just before they finally died. Caligula, to show his total power over all men, subjected his Praetorian Guard, his personal safety and security to numerous humiliations including public sexual humiliations. These wonderful, god-like men, while sworn to fight to the death to protect their emperor, when they could no longer stomach Caligula, turned on him themselves to stab him to death.

Claudius, coming to power upon his nephew's death, rewarded this murdering clique of Praetorian guard with naked, except for their helmets, crucifixion in the Roman forum to make certain the other Praetorians did not try the same thing on himse lf.

Claudius, a well known boy lover, worshipped the games of the amphitheatre, sometimes enjoying the charms and talents of two or three boys at a time while viewing the arena slaughter from the royal enclosure. Claudius used to skip meals in order to stay in his royal box at the arena. He introduced the "Games Without End," whereby a heavily armed man was sent in to kill a naked man, and then was himself stripped bare to be slaughtered by another armed man, and this continued by day and by human torch fight at night for weeks until the Emperor became bored of this death sport and ended it.

By night the games, sport, and tortures in the arena were carried on by the light of human candles. Captive soldiers, men and youths, of which Rome had an endless supply from their various conquests, had their entire naked bodies gilded, and then their golden physiques smeared with a mixture of fierce burning pitch and wax. They were chained to tall stakes or nailed to T form crosses before being lifted high and erect

to encircle the arena facing the audience. The horrified muscular men and boys, some wearing their military helmets, were decorated as artistically as possible. Bouquets of flowers covered the bundle of igniting hay at their feet. Garlands of flowers and ivy were twisted here and there about their handsome bodies, emphasizing rather than concealing their nudity, a band of flowers around their chests or waists, hung around their necks like a necklace, encircling their foreheads like crowns, or were loosely drooped over a big bicep or a thigh.

For the "glove and boots" death, men had their hands and feet wrapped thickly in pitch and tar smeared rags, and were forced to lie spreadeagled on X shaped crosses to which their covered palms and feet were nailed with long spikes. A long, thick beam nailed behind the X was lifted so these crucified men could take their places high, in full sight, amongst the rest of the waiting human candles.

To make certain there was enough illumination for the full evening only every third "candle" was ignited at a time. This gave the straining men, not yet aglow and shrieking, to witness the pleasures to which their naked bodies would soon be subjected. Romans in the audience bid cash for the privilege of extending over the arena rails, the long bamboo poles tipped with wads of flaming tar to go to the bundles of hay at the feet of these bound men, watching the flames crawl slowly up the victim's calves.

The Editor (Manager) of the games and the emperor himself vied with each other, constantly inventing new, novel, ever more cruel deaths to amuse and win the favor of the Roman mob in the amphitheatre. Boys just reaching puberty were spreadeagled to pitch smeared archery targets, with large gobs of pitch smeared their new public bushes. Archers with flaming arrow tips aimed for this "center of the target" to hit this spot, literally castrating the boy with flames before they spread to the rest of the target. Those archers that succeeded in hitting this spot were rewarded with easy, quick deaths, those who missed, hitting another spot on the youth or just the archery target itself, were sent to roasting spittles. Chained back to back with another failed archer, they were slowly revolved over low fires, with cold water poured over their foreheads and chests to shock and keep them conscious and screaming during their slow roasting. When on the brink of death, they were given to packs of wild, starving dogs who tore off and devoured their still quivering muscles.

A short, stocky, bull necked, captured Carthaginian officer in full uniform and helmet was led out before the royal enclosure. Tying his hands behind his back, a slaivering group of professional "bath boys," strong youths trained since childhood to bathe, oil, massage, and sexually pleasure men as paid services in the great Roman baths were turned loose on this proud officer. This man, fully aware of the obscenities and deaths that were regularly performed for the mob in the Roman arena, had made up his mind to die silently, proudly, to show these Roman sops and dogs how a real man could die.

He stood there, jaw set, his face stoic and expressionless as he felt parts of his leather and bronze uniform being cut away, by these lustful, drunken young men. Even when stripped naked, excepting for his helmet, and feeling hands, lips, teeth slobbering over every inch of his magnificent muscles pounding with middle aged power, his stern look never betrayed him. His mind deliberately shut out this humiliation. He'd always had the worst contempt for the Greek way of love making, and had had many and varied females as sex partners over the years.

AND THE ARENA

How the audience roared with laughter and applause as this man's pride was degraded and shamed as he sank first to his knees, and then was forced face down on the hot sand to be fully raped. This rape continued for hours as men in other parts of the arena screamed and died under tortures, and the audience seeing only a mountain of twisting, sweating, glistening flesh over this man, soon lost interest.

Leather hoods, naked arena guard-torturers had to disperse these rape audiences with hot pokers. They then lifted the raped man, his body befooled and slimy, gently, and putting his spread arms around the strong shoulders in support dragged him over to a couple of stakes between which he was bound spreadeagled by his wrists and ankles. For the first time, this mature man's stoic, expressionless face turned to horror and fear as the guards tied long leather cords to each of the large, but drained, testicles of this handsome father of twelve. The amphitheatre's audience, reinterested again in this man shouted for the removal of his helmet, and this last vestige of clothing was unstrapped and unbuckled from his jaw, and removed to reveal his noble forehead and newly bald, middle aged countenance. He began to beg to be killed quick. A still a man, as the guards tied both ends of these cords to the necks of baby pigs. No longer stoic now, he bellowed and roared as the pain from his tortured manhood sped through his whole body. Lines of naked men being marched past him on their way to their own positions and stations of torture death, paused to look at him, some recognizing their own officer. He died slowly at the end of two full days. His full chested roars of pain by then reduced to mere hoarse, hen like squawks of agony as these piglets pulled and pulled trying to free themselves.

It was a Roman custom to march captured soldiers, naked and enchained through the streets of Rome on the way to the arena for their executions, the games and spectacles. The fall of Carthage and Jerusalem to the Emperor Titus, alone gave Rome thousands of choice men and boys with which to amuse themselves. After the fall of Jerusalem, the Emperor Titus marched a hundred thousand humiliated males through the streets, bare naked to the jibes and pelting of Roman spectators. They were used as draft animals to provide the muscle to construct the Flavian Amphitheatre (Colosseum). After years of hard labor, and its completion, these same captives, muscles hardened by years of hard work, were rewarded by being the first to die in it during the blood bath celebration of its opening. It took a full twenty days to execute this great number of construction slaves.

Classical pageants were devised for the arena whereby ancient myths were acted out to the cruel deaths of their participants. A man and a boy with attached feathered wings representing the legend of Daedalus and Icarus were pulled out on a rope high above the arena. Representing the flight to freedom of these legendary figures from their island prison, on beeswax joined feather wings which melted when they rashly flew too high, and the sun melted their wings, these two men over the arena were released from their propping ropes when, over the center of the arena, and fell screaming, hundreds of feet, smashed into the sand covered boards of the arena floor.

Prometheus' punishment for stealing the fire of the gods, and giving it to man had an attractive naked man, chained spread eagled over a boulder while a trained eagle "pecked out his liver" as in the legend, until this victim was nothing but a writhing mass of bloody tissue but still alive.

"Scaevola" had his hand chained to a tripod in which a fierce fire was lit, and he had to stand there, naked, dripping sweat, watching and feeling his hand burned off. This victim, like the real Scaevola, died without uttering a sound, in this case the victim's vocal cords had been smashed, his tongue removed shortly before to add realism to the scene. When dead, a long stake with a sharpened point was driven up his crotch, mangle his manhood, and his handsome corpse was raised high on the stake to display the agonized expression on his face to the arena audience.

A well endowed captive soldier portraying Alyce was brutally castrated, but the cruelly detailed portrayal of the "Death of Hercules" was the entertainment that really struck a violent emotional chord for the sexually aroused and jaded arena audience. A tall, naked, broad shouldered man of great physique (had to be to portray Hercules) was led to the center of the arena where, as ordered, he saluted the Emperor. A group of "perverted men" were sent into the arena to "worry, weaken and exhaust" to wit sexually humiliate this bearded giant, and make him actually long for death while the audience watched, and laughed at the groans and yells of this chained man being raped and tortured. After satisfying themselves with him, his abusers assembled a massive funeral pyre for the big man. The victim was then led, half dragged, to the pyre where he was forced to himself climb it and spread eagle his ravaged body, his feet and hands tied down. Men and women in the audience were raised to a sexual frenzy as they watched the big hair covered chest of this fine man rise and fall as he tensed himself partly from fear of the rising flames, partly from anxiousness to get his humiliation over with, a quick end to his shame and degradation. Many in the audience were so aroused by these scenes that sexual acts were shamelessly open and flagrant while disregarding being watched. As the crackling flames raised higher on the pyre of hay, twigs, and logs, the audience was deathly still to hear this bull's death roars, bellows of pain renting the air as this mighty "Hercules" felt the flames licking and eating his massive muscles. His cries, shrieks, and screams caused many women and men orgasms.

For the men in the arena audience's pleasure, attractive women were copulated by bears, apes, and large dogs on raised platforms permitting the lusting men in the audience to witness closeup details. Oddly it was against Roman law to kill virgin women in the arena so after St. Agnes had been strapped up for torture death, and it was learned she had never had a man, she was released from her stake, and handed over to a large group of idling semineude gladiators standing on the sidelines waiting to fight, for their use. This poor flower of a girl was crushed down on the hot sand of the arena floor under these sweating, massive brutes as they took turns entering her and pumping their sperm into her body. When the group had finished with her and had satisfied themselves, she was dragged semi-conscious to her stake for further torments till death.

So many crucifixions of men and boys were sometimes carried on in the arenas and circuses that they appeared to be forests. Men in the audience made bets on which men would die first or last. The Romans always crucified men naked to add humiliation to their slow, squirming agony deaths. Sometimes men were crucified upside down, by one hand, one foot, on I-shaped crosses, X-shaped crosses, sometimes two men were nailed back to back on either side of the same cross. Women were hung by their breasts, and many men were hung by their genitals over sharp iron stakes stuck in

GLADIATORS

the midst of bonfires. The bigger and heavier men and boys' weights snapped off their genitals causing them to fall, castrated and screaming on the red hot stakes, while the lighter men swung and bounced screaming to the laughter of the audience.

Gladiatorial sports were inherited by the Romans from the earlier Etruscans who inhabited that area prior to the Romans. The Etruscans, to honor their noble dead had pairs of slaves and servants fight to death over their master's grave as part of the funeral ceremony. The Romans took up the idea and expanded it, the combats at first being strictly clean fights, but later the Roman thirst for blood demanded ever newer, more novel ways of murder thrills, until the last days of the Empire, when the games were abolished, they had turned these killings into mass spectacles of sadistic cruelty with heavy overtones of sexual obscenities.

As the Empire expanded so did the variety and quality of the specimens that could be enslaved into the gladiatorial schools as masses of slave men and boys to choose from were captured. There were huge blond giants with clean, hairless bodies from the deep forests of Gaul and Britain, massive bald blacks from Numidia (southern Egypt), their sweaty, rippling muscular bodies gleaming like ebony, hairy, short, sturdy, circumcised fighters imported from the eastern Mediterranean areas, and slender, adonis-like worshippers of the male physique from captured Greece. Even high born, but now impoverished, Romans of good physique, volunteered to fight as gladiators to try to re-coup the family's fortunes through prize winning. The gladiatorial schools, armed concentration camps, were called stables and life was severe, totally without feminine comforts, where the inmates were treated as stallions, whose only purpose in life was to fight, kill or be killed, until the rare time when if a gladiator had fought so long and well and survived, he was retired with honors, and usually given a job as a trainer, masseur, or oiler of other gladiatorial "students." The gladiators were considered the lowest form of life in Rome, but this didn't stop women and men in the arena audiences from lusting after their sexual attraction and powers. Generally speaking they were more like powerful horses than men, and since they were so muscular, they generally were equally as ruggedly handsome and desirable. They could be compared to our present day gladiators — pro-football jocks — and just as our own grid iron gladiators develop powerful erections under their jock strapped, pouch cups when their sadism is aroused by their triumphant bashing, hurting, and subduing other equally as strong opponents, so also did the Roman gladiators come back from the kill with their sex engorged. Many wealthy women in the amphitheatre audience paid to be allowed to await these brutes in cells beneath the arena to be their method of sexual release, with the smell of death and sweat still on these men. The aroused, sadistic lust of these brutes caused them orgasms so powerful and violent many of these women enjoyed the most powerful sex drive they had ever had. In fact this sex was sometimes so rough, the women needed doctors after being copulated.

More often young, pretty skilled "bath boys" were waiting in the gladiators' cells to quickly remove these men's armor or leather breech cloths if wearing one, and provide sexual release for the turgid men with their mouths or anuses. Sometimes while being raped by kill maddened gladiators, the boys beneath them were strangled or had their necks broken, their internal organs torn to shreds in the fit of passion of the bull hung brutes above them, or were suffocated beneath the huge masses of sweating muscles. While bath boys and other slaves were dirt cheap, gladiators were a fantastically expensive investment, so if a boy was killed or rendered useless for further servicing men, nothing was ever thought of it, and the "wounded" youth was immediately sent into the arena to be finished off as bait used in wild game hunting spectacles. Some gladiators finished off a young victim after each fight. This being the only way they could fully release the violent tension pent up in their systems by the kill. It wasn't too much to pay to reward such a gladiator who put up such a good show.

Friendships between gladiators in their stables was vigorously discouraged by their masters because if two strong men became close friends or lovers, and were later paired off to fight each other, it would make it harder for them to try to kill a man whom they knew or loved. Because they wanted their gladiators kept at full tension they seldom were given women, or boys if preferred, till after fighting. Though at the Emperor's request, these men were sometimes feted at lavish banquets and orgies to provide the emperor and his friends a show as gladiators sated the rapt appetit for food or sex before the mornings of their deaths. On rare occasions, rich land owners, needing more slaves of good muscle would bring in a wagon load of noble female slaves to the gladiator schools for breeding, their offspring being starchy and strong.

Gladiators were considered the epitome of potent virility. When a handsome, powerful gladiator who had fought long and well before being himself killed, was dragged out of the Part Libitensis, Gate of the Dead, by men dressed as Mercury with a hook through his calf, his carcass to join others on carts heading for the putrid pits outside the city walls and thrown with the rest of the garbage and offal of the city. Romans, including women, sent slaves down to this gate with cash to retrieve a souvenir of the rugged man. The tiny trophies such as a lock of his curls, especially pubic ones, a nipple cut from his corpse, or a small fragment cut from one of his huge biceps, calves, or even his testicles, was then sealed in amulets supposing to have fertility charms. Any woman could finger these amulets while being ridden by her tired, commonplace husband, and her imagination triggered by the thought of the golden physique this trinket came off from was enough to cause her such violent orgasm her husband's weak sperm shots were literally sucked out of his body, vacuumed up hers to impregnate the bitch. In this way, at least, it seems, these amulets did have fertility powers.

The various types of gladiators required different uniforms from the heavily armored short sword (gladius) bearing Samnites to the quick moving, naked retians armed with just a barbed net and trident spear. Arena audiences wanted and demanded to see as much virile, naked muscle as possible rather than just the clunking, heavily armored, killing machines, so more often than not the gladiators fought, if not a ways in the nude, in the skimpiest loincloths or in rather pouch belt covering. Preceding all games, the gladiators paraded into the arena nude, slaves following them carrying their fighting gear for the day before retreating to their cells beneath the arena to garb themselves. Since they were not considered humans, they were also not considered to have any modesty, and with their powerfully developed muscles and sex organs to match, they had no need to be. The gladiators knew their sexual attractiveness had much to do with their drawing power of audience followers, meaning more wealth for their masters, and sometimes for themselves. Prior to the championship gladiators fighting, gladiatorial battles called anabates were staged in the arena in which naked, condemned men with eyeless helmets or blindfolds strapped on them were paced in large groups to fight madly blindfolded with swords and spears with hooded men bearing red hot poker prodding them on until all were dead, never seeing whom they stabbed, speared, or beheaded. Hundreds of pairs of choice gladiators were forced to fight each other, the victors paired again with other victors, until only one of two survived and they were then crucified as a joke reward. The naked, leather hooded Charon's poked the fallen fighters with hot irons to insure they're not faking death, and men gussed as Mercury pulled their corpses out of the arena by hooks through their clavus through the Gate of Death, and piled them onto carts piled high with these dripping slabs of beef steak on the way to feed the wild animals in the Emperor's menagerie or headed for the putrid pits outside of the city walls.

The original "Tug of Wars" were performed in the arena, a large pit filled with flaming materials and stakes between the two groups of muscular, desperate men whose left hands were bound to the rope. After violent effort, their sweating, powerful backs bent with force in self preservation until one team triumphed and pulled its opponents one by one screaming,

AMONG SLAUGHTERS IN HISTORY FAMOUS S

faling, impaired to be roasted on stakes. The winning team looked down into the pit of hell to watch their former friends and comrades die so painfully, and started to protest and scream when they saw the Romans tie the end of the tug rope to teams of horses, knowing they would be pulled into the pit to join the men who had already suffered so bitterly.

Some luckier, especially choice handsome, muscular gladiators were selected by the nobility to provide dinner entertainment. Nero actually married one such powerfully built athlete-gladiator that especially met his fancy, provided plays whereby this gladiator used Nero as he would a woman, and the emperor squealed like a virgin being de-flowered as the brute copulated him. It was almost as easy for soft Roman men to develop strong crushes on these giants of the arena and to desire sex with them as it is today for powerful corporation presidents to literally drool over muscular pro-football players and boxers, and hang around their locker rooms fantasizing about them, sometimes imagining themselves equal in physical power and attraction to these great athletes. Though patronizing these sports' giants, doing them favors, providing them with cars, cash, or women for a chance to hang around these nude players to give them a pat on the back, a squeeze of their biceps, when not around these football jocks refer to these rich guys as "jock sniffers."

The gladiators of Rome did the same thing, stripping their bodies before audiences of groups of Roman men and women, and standing there bored to death, their anger and shame repressed, allowing soft Roman hands to roam over their wonderful bodies, cupping and feeling their muscles, examining their genitals, even lifting and weighing their mighty, large testicles in the palms of their hands. On occasion a pair or two of muscular boxer-wrestlers were selected for entertainment purposes at lavish banquets. With cestus, brass and leather wrapped around their fists, these oiled brutes were to fight totally naked in the Greek style, clad only with a thin leather strap around one thigh holding a pouches, razor sharp castration knife to form the exotic finish of their fallen opponent, while the Romans lay about on silken divans, gorging themselves with the finest foods and wines while feeling up and under the gauzy, tiny tunics of handsome young boy and girl slave servants. After an evening of watching naked men fight to the death, no one loaded here with wine in this circle of couches, had the least inhibitions left, and servants were wildly felling men with lifted robes while their ignored wives and mistresses fornicated with mature male servants or were felling the soldier guards still standing at attention as women removed their inifirms below their belts and their loincloths, and knelt before them to pleasure these fine men. The two oiled, naked men fought hard, dattering each other, grappling in wrestling holds, muscles flexing, strained and mashed, bones crushed till finally one giant landed a winning punch with his cestus to his opponent's jaw. The smashed man fell, face down, semi-conscious. His arms straightened out momentarily to begin to lift himself, but he then collapsed. Grinning, his victor mounted his back, and placing his knee halfway up the fallen man's spine, put his arms under the loser's arm pits, and yanking upwards forced the man's massive v-shape backwards till his back was broken. Then putting one arm around the fallen man's neck, took his other hand and pushed the man's head quickly forward till his neck snapped. Unsheathing his castration knife from the pouch strapped around his thigh he committed the coup de grace. Turning his vanquished opponent over on his back, he made a few clean swipes with the razor sharp knife to remove the man's entire, haired public area, including the large genitals. Lifting his grisly, bloody trophy high in one hand, he shouted in triumph as he saluted his host with his knife hand. Then he tossed the prides to a slave to have them treated, waxed over, and mounted as an amusing play. Two slaves came in carrying chests filled with gold coins and jewels for him. Then came the second part of his reward, the choice of any man or woman in the audience. There was a deadly silence with heavy breathing, as he stared about the circle of couches in the hall, his one hand on a hip, the other rubbing his jaw as he contemplated the sexual banquet being offered him, and trying to choose the ones to

be receptacles for his boiling sperm, his massive penis rising in anticipation. Selecting a young beauty, and with one mighty yank at the throat of her gown, ripped her bare and selecting also a young, virgin looking, curly haired slave boy to pleasure him, he mounted the drooling young woman, she screaming in pleasure-pain as he rammed his huge weapon into her. The youth's mouth was all over the great man as he copulated, trying to absorb some of the virile strength of this man. Again, as in the arena, the thrill of victory, the sadistic lust aroused by the kill in this gladiator provided this woman and youth with the most powerful sex they had ever experienced. The Roman men and women left their couches to encircle this rutting gladiator, and as they watched his rear rise and fall, buttocks clenching and opening, brought their own selves to climax through masturbation. Later when this played out gladiator was returned to his gladiator barracks, reeking of rare perfumes, his wrists, fingers, and chest loaded with precious jewels, his tales of his evening's sexual conquests regaled his sex-starved stablemates into heavy masturbation and mutual oral sex.

Being used as animals, killing machines, and sexual playthings did enrage some gladiators. Spartacus, often being forced to display his nakedness publicly and fight to kill his friends/lovers, rebelled, and he drew like a magnet, all the other gladiators, then the slaves from the villas and plantations of southern Italy into a rebellion that shook the Romans to their boots after a rampage of looting, burning, raping of towns fallen to this rebel army.

Notables in these towns, who had enjoyed the bloodlust of the games, were themselves stripped naked and forced to fight each other to the death before the former death performers. Finally the overwhelming Roman armies suppressed the rebellion, and with typical Roman vindictiveness and fury crucified thousands of men. The entire Apennine Way, Naples to Rome was lined with grunting, naked men dying slowly, and providing amusement to Roman travelers and excursionists out to see the sight. The captive gladiators and slaves themselves provided the labor and muscle to kill themselves, felling trees, hewing crosses, dragging carts loaded with crosses like horses, forcing their own naked friends to lie spread on the crosses on the ground, and holding their wrists and ankles as the spikes were nailed through palms and feet, the Roman's whips slashing hard on their broad backs to make them work faster. Occasionally after a muscular gladiator almost tenderly, lovingly, held the wrists of his friend or lover while being nailed, he had to himself lie on the next cross, the same painful thing done to him. For several days these pain maddened men hung, the stronger the man, the longer he lived. Hanging naked, his sweat and excrements drew droves of tortuous flies his spiked hands couldn't flick away. Vultures attacked and feasted on their muscles even in many cases before these men fell into merciful unconsciousness or death, biting off fingers, nipples, toes, genitals, even gouging out eyes or ripping out tongues of wide open mouths screaming in pain.

Rich Roman men and women, lying on silken cushions in sedan chairs supported by poles on the shoulders of muscular slaves stopped to watch, and enjoy the sight of a writhing form of a man that attracted them, as insects ate his sweat causing him violent itching and convulsions. The Romans laughed as they sipping cool wines, and watched these sights between the parted curtains of their conveyances.

The Romans learned nothing from this rebellion, their cruelties increased rather than diminished, and even before the skeletons and rotting corpses fell from their crosses, the gladiatorial schools were re-opened, and the Romans were again madly bidding on new beef, strong, new, naked captives being displayed in the slave markets of Rome, Capua, Naples for training as gladiators to feed the hungry arenas and amphitheaters of Rome.

The modern mind need only depict a nude, sun bronzed Clint Walker, a Larry Osonka, Dave Kopay, Arnold Swarzenegger, Pete Rose, or a powerful Ken Norton standing, spread legged on the hot sands of the arena before arming for their fights, their right arms extended in salute to their Emperor AVE, IMPERATOR, MORITURI TE SALUTANT.

EROTIC DOTS



—SEAN

Warning: when completed, this will be a sexually explicit drawing. If you will be offended by the content, do not connect the dots!



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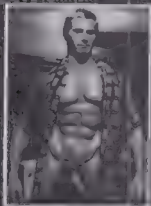
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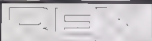
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ASTROLOGIC

ARIES [March 21 to April 19]

S—Show your benevolence. Leave your journals as treats for the undeserving.

M—Take a tour of your favorite restaurants in search of culinary humiliation.

TAURUS [April 20 to May 20]

S—Celebrate Independence Day by giving him one good one "for the road."

M—One good what? Ah, yes, a good one and pucker the sphincter.

GEMINI [May 21 to June 21]

S—Enjoy the hot summer season. Give your slave to the beach and pound sand into his ass. Use your fist as a paddle.

M—Try adding salty sea sand to your grainy, cutting touch.

CANCER [June 22 to July 21]

S—Vacation time? Get away from the same old hole. Tour a friend's harem.

M—No need to stay home and hang around the domesticity while your Master's away. Go out and own up.

LEO [July 22 to Aug. 21]

S—In honor of the Leo season, make him play on a teaty lion.

M—Speaking of lions, fantasize how exciting it would have been to have been a Christian during Jesus's time. Try to make a good M turn religious.

VIRGO [Aug. 22 to Sept. 22]

S—Have your slave tattooed with a framed map of an American city. Then drive your car over it.

M—Find a Master who drives a Chevrolet Corvair.

LIBRA [Sept. 23 to Oct. 22]

S—Do your fair share for the national drought. Donate... nothing... adopt a toilet slave (or make your own).

M—Libras are known for their good taste. Be a sewer who's also a common sewer.

SCORPIO [Oct. 23 to Nov. 21]

S—Go sailing this summer with a crew of 17's. Use the world from the bow of your very own slave galley.

M—Like swimming? Sailing? Not the sea, and not the above.

SAGITTARIUS [Nov. 22 to Dec. 21]

S—Celebrate the Fourth with fireworks. Bring fireworks to your slave's cock and see him really shoot his wad.

M—Try a Roman Candle as a paddle for a really hot slave in your ass.

CAPRICORN [Dec. 22 to Jan. 20]

S—Tattoo a flag across your slave's back for Old Glory! (or is that Old Glory Hole?)

M—Try flag pole sitting. Use ground as TV's set.

AQUARIUS [Jan. 21 to Feb. 19]

S—Make your own Liberty Bell using a metal garbage can and a hammer. The crack should be in your slave's head.

M—Shave your head—a bald pate makes a better newspaper, and shows bruises and cracks to better advantage.

PISCES [Feb. 20 to March 20]

S—Perform your favorite selection from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite." Use your slave's ass, of course.

M—The "blues" in music to your sexual tastes are, precisely, the black and blues.

CANCER

JUNE 21-JULY 21



DRUM BEATS

*A guy who got all agog
Frenched puppies out in the fog;
But then his friends said,
"That's not for your head,
It's best to let dog eat dog."*

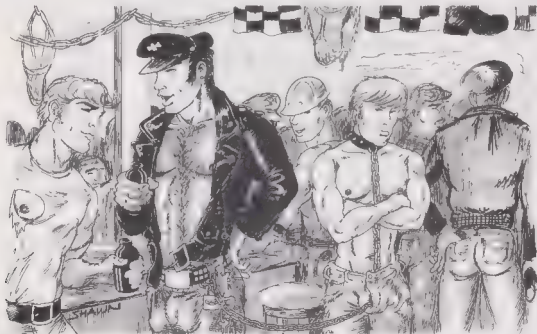
*A biker named Little Boy, who
Sold his dick for a dollar or two,
Met a man in a tux
Who offered sixty-five bucks.
This time Little Boy blew.*

*In youth my life was electoral;
I did nothing truly directional,
But when dad said, "Play ball!"
My baskets were all
Made at the Homo-sectional.*



but

*"I'm a bit new at the rough stuff.
What's the best handkerchief for "cry-baby"?"*



"Oh, he's pissed 'cause today's his birthday and I won't give him the traditional spanking."

BOOK
SECTION

MY
BROTHER
MY
SLAVE

KURT
KREISLER

"I'm better lookin' than you are, know that?" Tom was standing proudly in front of the full length mirror in their mutual bedroom admiring his own nude body in the glass and stroking his stiff cock slowly and deliberately. It thrummed beneath his strong fingers almost anxiously. God! I'm so fuckin' horny, he thought with desperation. He was almost tempted to increase the pressure and jerk off right then and there.

"That's a lie... we're identical... everybody says that they can tell us apart." Terry was lying on his bed and forcing himself, with difficulty, to keep his eyes glued to the paper back of the door. He was straining to look up at his naked brother... and at the same time being afraid to. Suddenly his brother groaned helplessly and Terry's deep blue eyes flared wide as he looked up automatically in time to see Tom's tall, hard body writhing and twisting uncontrollably. Terry could see his face in the mirror. Tom's mouth was open slightly and he was staring at his reflection with a look of surprise on his handsome face. The cheeks of his small ass tensed and tightened in spasms as he cursed himself under his breath.

Terry watched with open fascination as the contortions became more violent. Tom shuddered visibly and stepped back from the mirror quickly... but it was already too late. Large, wet surges of hot cum were splattering and splashing against the glass and running down the smooth surface in sticky rivulets. The boy watching from the bed had an insane eye to

brother's dick, but he bit his lip viciously to keep his cool. Then... with a final hopeless moan, Tom's shoulders sagged and his head dropped forward shaking back and forth slowly. Finally Tom turned at last from the mirror and Terry dropped

hard to control his own heavy breathing. "Shit! And I have a date with Linda tonight! What a stupid-ass thing to do!" Tom went into the bathroom disgustedly and yanked a towel from the rack. He knelt in front of the mirror and wiped the thick gizz carelessly from the mirror leaving long, wide streaks running in all directions. He hurled the dirty towel to the floor angrily and still remained kneeling as he surveyed himself in the glass once again. Slowly the tens on began to drain from his body and his shoulders relaxed as a smile formed on his young face. "What the hell! I'm so goddamned horny that I won't have any fuckin' trouble comin' again in a few hours anyhow!" He stood and turned his well-formed body sideways and flexed his chest muscles.

"Anyway, I can tell the difference between us," he continued as if nothing had happened. Terry had a hard time forcing the first word out of his constricted throat. "Of... of course you can, you boob! You've had seventeen years to learn the damned difference!" He forced a deliberately loud sigh of boredom and pretended to be more interested in his book than in his handsome twin. He was shaking inside and he hoped desperately that it didn't show.

Tom stroked and teased his meat a few more times almost hopefully, pulling at it as he watched his own face in the mirror. The crystal clear blue eyes smiled back at him from under the long, curly blond hair that almost, but not quite, reached his shoulders. "My cock is bigger than yours, though!" He glanced through the mirror at his brother. A mischievous smile played at the corners of his mouth.

"By what... quarter of an inch?" Terry tried desperately to ignore the curious temptation on that felt growing inside of him, but finally he gave in and rolled reluctantly to a sitting position on the side of the bed. Slowly he stood up and walked with studied casualness over to stand beside his brother in front of the glass. He reached down and pulled his brothers to the knees exposing his own well-endowed organs. The balls were large and hung down well below the end of the dick. He looked down at his brother's hanging dong and had to admit to himself that it was a little broader... but then he had been pulling at it, too, he compromised mentally. "Maybe a little thicker, but not very damned much!" He pulled up his shorts and went back to the bed. He flopped down heavily and picked up his book again. "Besides, your super masculine ego bores me to death!"

Tom laughed loudly as his big hand wrapped around his

dick and began jerking it again. "Want me to work it up again?"

"Go to hell!" Terry was lying on his side and raised his head as he heard Tom's voice. He had always been turned on by his brother, the same way he got turned on by his own body when he played with himself. He just couldn't help it, but he sure as hell didn't want Tom to know it. The bastard would never let him live it down.

Tom halted directly in front of Terry's face. His now erect prick standing straight up just at his brother's eye level. Terry was using foot. Tom pushed it down and held it straight out from his crotch and thrust his slim, muscular hips forward toward Terry's flushed face. "Ya' know, we're missing a good thing. We could make a lot of extra bread by selling our dicks to the cocksuckers in the park, except that I'm not too sure I could make the scene with another guy. I don't like queers anyhow!" He let go of his meat and walked to the dresser

of his brother's back being turned to wipe away the few beads of shiny perspiration that had popped out on his forehead. His brother dressed quickly in a t-shirt and levis. His chest bared under the white cotton and his nipples showed prominently through the thin cloth. He left the semen-streaked mirror feeling satisfied with his appearance and grabbed a Levi jacket from the closet.

He rubbed his crotch vigorously, emitting a small moan of anticipated pleasure. "Want to find someone and come along, buddy boy?"

"No, thanks. I just want to finish this novel. Besides, dinner will be ready pretty soon and I'm starved."

Tom walked over and slapped his brother's small, round ass with a loud crack. Terry jumped with surprise and muttered a curse under his breath. "Suit yourself, punk. You don't know what you might be missin'!" Tom left the room without closing the door behind him, as usual.

Terry rose quickly and hurried to close it after him. He passed through to go out the front door. "Got a hot date, huh?"

"Yeah, Dad, a new girl at school. Naturally she had the smarts to pick me instead of any of those other slobs."

His father laughed raucously. "Chip off the old block, by God! You're just like your old man when I was your age!" Terry cringed at the sound of his father's laugh. He had always hated it with a passion. It sounded so... gruff.

"Where's your brother?"

"Upstairs reading like usual... He didn't want to come along so I told him to go to hell!"

"You've got to try a little harder to pull him out of that shell of his, son. He's too damned quiet. You can do it if you really want to. I've always had a hell of a lot of faith in you, ya' know!"

Terry pushed the door closed quietly, turning the doorknob to keep it from making any sound. He felt suddenly depressed. His father had always preferred Tom to him, ever since they were kids. And Tom was really more like him in a lot of ways, louder, rougher. He sat on his bed and finished the last few pages of the chapter he was on and then started to get dressed for dinner. The smell coming from the kitchen was almost overpowering and it made his stomach growl loudly. He went into the kitchen and, besides, she liked him better than she did his "big" brother!

Out of the corner of his eye he spotted the towel that his brother had used to wipe his cum off of the mirror and he bent hesitantly to pick it up. His blood pounded in his ears as he held it gingerly to his nose and sniffed at the moist spots. It gave off a strong, male odor and he found himself strongly tempted to put the tip of his tongue to the residue and see what it tasted like. His face flushed suddenly and he threw the towel from him violently.

He turned and walked quickly over to his bed and then reached far back under the mattress and pulled out the brochure of sex film pictures that he had secretly sent for. He'd had to lie about his age on the order form and it had made him nervous for weeks after he mailed it. He had watched the mail frantically every day in a panic to make sure that he was the one that got to it first. God! If his folks or Tom were to find out what it was that he thought about the most he's just die, or kill himself! He opened the familiar and slightly worse-for-wear folder and looked for the pictures that he had already decided were the best ones. He had jerked off over them so many times that he had lost count long ago. The close-up of a young man's handsome face was his favorite. His moist lips were wrapped around another man's big cock and the idea that men actually did that to each other made the blood rush to his groin in warm, excited surges.

He stood beside the bed and dropped his shorts, stepping out of them as soon as they hit the floor. He grasped his pulsing hardon tightly as he eased over onto his back on the bed and held the pictures above his face with his left hand. Slowly, delicately, he began massaging the smooth, warm skin of his prick as his eyes drank in the fantastic sight of the young man's face. He had secretly imagined himself doing so often, so painfully often. A crystal drop of lubricant had found its way out of the hole and he had licked it up over the tip and rubbed the slick liquid all over the surface. He looked at the picture and instead of his thumb it was the guy's wet tongue rubbing the tip of his dick. His chest began to heave with desire as the first surges of sperm landed hotly against the smooth, bare skin of his belly. He increased the speed of his stroke and groaned with ecstasy as the final gush shot through his urethra. He continued to stare at the forms on the page as his hand slowly stopped pumping and slid down onto his big balls and he felt a strong desire to masturbate.

Suddenly the bedroom door opened, Terry's face flushed immediately and he frantically slid the folder, still open, underneath his pillow in a panic. His heart raced and his whole body was shaking. He sat up quickly and raised his knees, wrapping his arms tightly around them to hide his cum bathed stomach.

"Shit! I forgot my wallet, damn it!" Tom rushed over to the dresser top and opened the beat up leather billfold. "Fuck, not much to go on a date with!" He turned with an evil smile and saw Terry's face. "What's that?"

"I'm just looking at some pictures," Terry said, his face flushed.

"What pictures?"

"Just some sex pictures," Terry said, his face flushed.

"What sex pictures?"

"Just some sex pictures," Terry said, his face flushed.

"It's nothing, Tom. Please forget it, will you?" His voice had an urgent, pleading sound to it. "Just something personal, that's all. I'd rather you didn't push it!" He looked up into Tom's eyes begging him silently to go away.

Tom's eyes picked up on his brother's recent ejaculation instantly. "Oh, yeah. What's this then, you lyin' little bastard?" He reached down eagerly and rubbed the slick liquid all over his brother's stomach, up over the muscles of his chest and then down to his groin. Terry cringed with humiliation as Tom reached up and ran his fingers through his brother's long hair to wipe off the rest of the sticky residue.

Without warning Tom gave one hard shove beneath the weight of Terry's arm and dragged out the now wrinkled pamphlet. His sparkling eyes opened wider and wider as he examined each picture and then a grin began to grow slowly across his handsome face. "Well, I'll be goddamned!" He whistled loudly and looked down at Terry's bowed head in

amazement. "You like this kind of stuff, kid?" He folded the brochure back up and tossed it down onto the bed beside his brother's head. "You like this kind of stuff, kid?" He folded the brochure back up and tossed it down onto the bed beside his brother's head. "You like this kind of stuff, kid?"

"Hey man, you're not... you're not a queer?" He stuttered in shocked surprise.

"I'm not a 'queer'. I've never done anything... with anybody. I just like to look at the pictures, that's all. Believe me, that's all!" The shaky voice of the stricken young man was trembling on the verge of tears.

"Wow! This is really some weird scene! My little brother is a fan!" He laughed wildly and raised his eyes to the ceiling in mock prayer. "Oh, Lord, heal this sick child!" He plopped himself down next to Terry on the bed still laughing. Terry's head swirled and swam in mad confusion and the pain of shame swept over his nude body in gigantic, heaving waves. He felt dizzy and a little like vomiting.

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"Please, Tom. Leave me alone. Please!" Terry's shoulders shook as he repressed a sob.

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The second his brother had closed the door, Terry threw himself on top of the bed face down and cried hard into his

pillow. He cried until the tears stopped flowing all by themselves. He kept seeing Tom's beautiful hardon in front of his face, kept remembering the exciting feel of the big instrument in his hand. It was the closest he'd ever been to another man's sex organs and he shuddered as he realized that he had really enjoyed it. And he was ashamed.

He showered with cool water and dressed reluctantly. He wasn't really hungry any more, he just wanted to be alone and think things out. But his mother was sure to come and get him for dinner if he didn't show up on time. He was just walking toward the dining room when he heard his mother call, "Mac, tell Terry that dinner's ready, will you?"

"Okay, Helen. Oh, never mind! He's here already. Can't keep that one away from good food!" He kept reading his newspaper as he spoke. "Thought maybe you'd fallen asleep reading, Terry. You know, you read too damned much!" He folded the paper up and rose to go to the dining table. He slapped Terry on the back casually as he moved by him. "You should try to get out more... like your brother. It's just not healthy to spend all of your goddamned time indoors."

His mother smiled brightly at him as he sat down at the table and put his napkin in his lap. "Well, I haven't seen you at afternoon, sweetheart. Don't you ever get bored just staying by yourself in your room all weekend?" She reached out and tousled his blond curls lovingly. "One thing I have to say for you, though, I never have to worry about you going out and getting into some kind of trouble like I do with your brother." He forced a smile and wondered if his eyes were still red. He sure hoped not 'cause he'd have a hell of a time explaining to them why he had been crying if they were to ask him.

Dinner passed quietly, almost dully. His father's familiar voice was the most often heard as usual. And all he seemed to be able to talk about was one of the other of his favorite subjects, either his boring job or precious Tom. Terry ate very little, excused himself with a mumble very early and crept back to his room sullenly. He was in a blue funk and worried shitless that his brother had found out about... about IT.

The move had been a lousy bore and Tom, as he sat with Linda parked deep in the darkness of the trees above the city, regretted having wasted his hard-earned cash on it, as well as the valuable time he had lost with her. His arm rested around her soft shoulders carelessly. The crickets surrounded them with their eternally innocuous refrain as he waited for the right moment.

Slowly, cautiously, he started sliding his dangling fingers into her blouse until he felt the soft skin of her breast. His handsome head flew back with a violent jerk and his blue eyes opened wide with total shock as her small hand landed with a resounding crack across his face.

"What in the hell did you do that for, damn it?" Because I don't like it, little boy, that's why!" She glared at him through the semi-darkness of the car. He glared back.

"Well, fuck you!" He started the engine and slammed the car into reverse and squealed back onto the pavement of the road. He gritted his teeth angrily all the long way down as he

manages. Rubber screamed around the curves and Tom gripped the wheel so tightly that his knuckles were white with tension.

When they finally reached the bottom of the winding road, Tom sighed with a secret relief. He had really taken some dangerous chances coming down from the mountain! He'd even managed to make himself nervous, but if Linda had been impressed, she didn't show a bit of it. As he let her out in front of her place, she said a very curt, crisp "Goodnight!" and walked stiffly away from the car. Fuck her, he thought furiously! There's a lot, a hell of a lot better than her! "She

stayed here... vainly under his breath as he squeezed away from the curb and immediately headed for Joe's place for a beer or two.

Inside the tony establishment he flashed his fake ID at the old man who tended bar weekends. Joe glanced at it cursorily and brought him a draft. It was just a little ritual they always went through together. Joe knew it was no goddamned good, but he was so hungry he wanted anybody's money. He also

house from the last time he had been in the joint. As he paid for his second beer he grimaced at his dwindling funds. Shit! He's spent nearly his whole wad on that stupid broad! Now

he'd be forced to hit Terry up for some more in the morning. But at least the kid knew he'd pay him back as soon as he could! He looked longingly at the empty pool table but decided to save the coins. He played the juke box a couple of times at random and downed four or five more beers, he had lost count. Then, with a casual wave of his hand to the old man, he left the bar.

He didn't walk too straight as he went to his car. He felt a little woozy from all the beers. He waited for a few minutes before he started the engine, hoping to sober up a little bit. He pulled out into the far right lane of traffic and remembered what he had read about what cops looked for in a driver to suspect him of being drunk. He settled back away from the wheel and tried to be more relaxed. Even so, he sweated all the way home in fear of being stopped by the pigs because he was just barely aware enough to realize that he had been crossing over the center line of the street just a little too often and no matter how hard he tried he couldn't keep from doing it.

He breathed a long sigh of relief as he pulled up in front of his own place and just sat for a minute or two getting rid of the tension of the drive home. He'd had a shitty night, he thought grudgingly as he entered the bedroom. He didn't even bother to turn on a light but instead just stumbled over to his bed and kicked his trousers off onto the floor. He kicked off the shorts, too, but didn't even bother removing his T-shirt. He was just too fuckin' stoned to care!

Terry's body hadn't stirred even the slightest at his twin's rather noisy entry. And Tom lay there thinking drunkenly back over the way the whole lousy, fuckin' evening had gone. He thought of Linda's big boobs and gritted his teeth in tortured agony as he realized how goddamned close he'd been before she began to play the Virgin Mary with him in the car! He eagerly fondled his growing piece of meat and cupped his heavy balls in the sweaty palm of his hand, kneading and massaging them slowly, gently. He ached to get his rocks off and he knew that he wouldn't be able to go to sleep without reach-

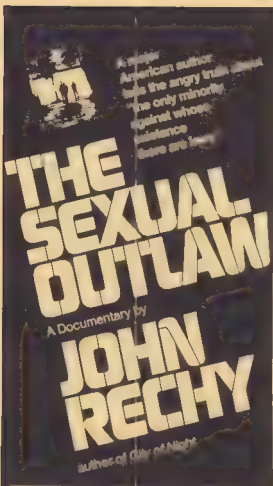
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muttered with his face buried in Terry's blond hair. "Did ya die that, baby? Did ya."

Terry lay perfectly still under him, breathing heavily, his eyes still closed and his handsome young face misted over with a light film of perspiration. His dark eyelashes looked even longer against his pale skin.

Tom's fingers were still clenched as he suddenly realized that his brother had taken his hand while he was fucking him up the ass.

Why you little bastard!" he chided as he slapped the violated cheeks sharply, causing Terry to jump at the sudden additional pain. Still he didn't speak. He just remained motionless, crying silently into his pillow. Tom got up from his brother's bed, wiped his dick on his shorts and climbed into his own bed with a tired grunt. In minutes his breathing was deep and slow. He slept the sleep of the totally satiated.

Terry rined on his stomach for a long time trying to forget the searing pain that shot through his lower body. He was almost afraid to move a single muscle, he didn't know what to expect or what to do now! He just wanted desperately to die or something, anything, not just from the attack by his brother and all the pain. He was afraid of something else that seemed even more monstrous, more unbelievable. He reached his hand cautiously down and underneath him as he raised his aching hips up off of the bed. It encountered a large, sick, lamp spot. He had shot his own load all over the covers while his brother was screwing him. That fact worried him more than anything else. In fact, he was frightened!

His ass was very sore when he woke up the next morning and he just laid there with his eyes closed, mentally probing his body for other painful signs of his brother's abuse the night before. His mind was numb and it stubbornly refused to truly believe that the whole scene had really transpired. He decided that his tits were a little sore, too. He heard Tom stirring in his bed and yawning loudly. Terry still didn't move as the sounds indicated that Tom was getting up.

Hey! Little brother!" Another yawn. "You're a damned good piece of ass, know that?" He laughed good naturedly. "And, man, have I got a headache! Get me some aspirin, will ya?" He heard Tom scratching at some unknown area.

Get them yourself," He opened his eyes and immediately shut them again when he found himself staring directly at his mother's full arden as he sat on the edge of the bed just across from him.

What? What was that again, buddy?" He heard Tom moving across the narrow space toward him and opened his eyes. "I guess you didn't hear me right. You must need a little more persuasion, huh?" He reached down and rolled Terry face up on the bed gruffly. "From now on things are gonna be done my way and you'd better get that through your curly little head, Terry!" He pulled the boy up protesting into a sitting position. "You didn't get a chance to finish your second lesson in cocksucking last night, kid! Go to it." He shoved his prick toward Terry's frightened face and put his hands on his bare hips, waiting impatiently for his brother to obey his command.

You've hurt me for the first and last time, Tom, I'm not going to put my mouth on your cock!" Terry gritted his teeth and pressed his lips tightly closed. He refused and felt back across the bed as his brother's hand smashed across his face.

His eyes opened wide in stunned surprise and before he could utter a word of protest Tom had moved quickly across the bed and now stood above his face looking down at him angrily. Tom's jaw was set firmly as he grabbed Terry by the neck and pulled him over until his head hung over the side of the bed. Then Tom grabbed his arms and pulled them up above his head, then tightly beneath his own armpits. His hands were firm. Terry's helpless head and he knelt beside the bed and shoved. The heavy cock forced its way far back into Terry's protesting throat and pounded against the flesh mercilessly. Tom threw his head back and closed his eyes in ecstasy as he felt the warm wetness of his brother's mouth wrapped around his aching prick. He looked down again to enjoy the sight of his brother's naked body twisting and squirming and he smiled with pleasure as the boy began to moan, trying to avoid the pain. He was showing piece of meat that threatened to cut him off from anything. He fucked Terry's face brutally, enjoying the feeling of his brother's tongue, his hand, his ass.

You've been a pain in the ass ever since you were a little

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kid!" Tom growled angrily. "Now maybe you'll be of some use to me... you and your smart fuckin' brains... and your precious mother always fussing over you!" He grinned down at Terry who was not able to see his expression because of the big balls snapping against his eyelids. "It'll be kinda' fun to know I'll never have to jerk off again!" His attack increased in fury as he felt the old familiar surge beginning at the thick base of his cock. He groaned and rammed as the juice shot from the end of his weapon in granitic splashes. He watched as his brother tried vainly to swallow everything but it was useless. The cum surged out from around his cock and oozed down across Terry's sweating face and onto the carpet. He continued to shove it in and out long after he'd shot the last of his load, just simply enjoying Terry's agony and discomfort. At last the rape began to slow and he let go of the kid's head and yanked the slick dick out of his mouth with a loud pop as Terry's suction was broken. The miserable boy just stayed in the same position breathing heavily and trying to swallow the residue of

"I hate your guts!" he muttered thickly.
"Good, baby. That gets us off to a good start in our new relationship! Now get me that fuckin' aspirin!" He slapped Terry's nuts hard with his open hand causing the boy to double up with pain. "From now on when I say shit, you shit!" He was relishing the new feeling of power he had over his brother and his eyes glistened as he tried to imagine all of the delicious against his will, went into the bathroom for the aspirin. Tom took them from him without a word of thanks. Terry flopped back down onto the bed and buried his face in his pillow. He was totally humiliated and ashamed of what was happening between him and his brother.

"I'm gonna take in a movie this afternoon, want to come along, punk?" Tom stretched and began removing his T-shirt. Terry shook his head in the pillow not wanting to look at his brother. "Suit yourself, cocksucker! I couldn't care shit less, but if I really wanted you to go, you bet your sweet little ass, you'd go!" He laughed as he went into the bathroom to get cleaned up. He whistled happily to himself as he showered and the sound made Terry's heart contract with pain.

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Tom found a movie he thought he might like to take in and sat way in the back as he usually did out of long habit of going on dates. He felt smug and self satisfied as he sat watching the screen and thinking about Terry. He munched his popcorn hungrily. A shadow eased itself down the aisle and took the seat next to him. As they sat silently, the stranger reached out in the darkness and rested his hand on Tom's knee. Tom jerked his leg out from under the intruding fingers and glared at the stranger through the murky darkness and saw that he was an older man but not bad looking. Slender, with the eyes of a sad clown. His expression now was one of hurt rejection and Tom felt a little sorry for the lag.

"Besides, I just had a blow job. Tough luck!" he said out of the corner of his mouth looking at the screen again.
"Oh, yeah?" The words were low and breathless. "Did you get it here?"

"Nope. My little... my brother sucked me off. He's turned me off, I guess!" Tom felt infinitely pleased with himself as he was good looking for his age? He sounded almost excited as he whispered.

Tom's entire brain suddenly lit up and he turned his head to stare frankly into the man's eyes. "Sure. We're identical twins. You want him?" He turned on the boyish innocence once again and smiled. "It'll cost ya' a few bucks!" Tom felt the excitement welling up inside his pounding chest. This was it!

"How much?" The breath was harder and closer to his ear now.

"Oh, twenty will cover it, I think."

"That much?" The man paused reflectively. "What'll I get for it? What does he do besides suck?"

"He does nothing but suck. He's a little bit of a jerk, but he's a good sucker. He'll suck you out of your pants and he'll be happy to do it."

"What?" The man said, looking at Tom and down at his hands.

"He'll suck you out of your pants and he'll be happy to do it."

"I'll protect my property, that's all. I don't come with the dick." He laughed softly into the darkness. "I'll leave you to your own designs, you can count on it!"

"Okay, it's a deal. But you get paid afterwards." The man had taken a ballpoint from his shirt pocket and was bending over trying to write something on a business card. When he was through he held it up trying to catch some light to read it by. Finally he handed it secretly to Tom as he glanced around to see if anyone else was watching. His hand was trembling nervously.

"Okay. Eight o'clock all right?" He looked eagerly into Tom's eyes.

"Great, man! I'll have him there for you at eight." He stood and started moving down the aisle away from his new

"So long." As he left the theater he squinted against the glaring sunlight. Once back in his car he read the address. The writing was sort of shaky and he smiled at the thought that the guy had been as nervous as he was. It was kind of a crummy address, he realized, but money was money. Now to convince Terry without having too much of a hassle about it.

His mother and father weren't home when he entered the house. Probably at the market, he thought. He hesitated for a few moments before going into the bedroom. He was a little scared but his need for extra bread was greater than his fear and he walked in with forced courage. Terry was yanking on the bed reading again, dressed in only a clean pair of shorts, he looked freshly scrubbed and his hair was curlier than usual from a recent shampoo. He didn't bother to look up when his brother breezed in.

"Hey, little brother. How ya' feelin'?" He mean after our little training session this morning? He walked over and sat on Terry's bed casually. "Still sore at me?"

"I told you before. I hate your guts! So go to hell, Tom." His lips were pursed in a pout making him look even younger than his seventeen years.

"Listen, kid. There's this guy I met who's a real groove man, and he wants us to come over tonight. Just for a little together, you know." He was finding it hard to control his nervous breathing.

"I'm not going anywhere with you, tonight or any other night!"

"Oh, come on, man, you'll like him! And besides, Dad wants you out of the house more often and I promise him that I'd convince you. How about it? It would make Dad feel better, a lot better than something else that I could tell him!"

You wouldn't dare tell the folks, Tom. You just wouldn't!" Terry closed the book and rubbed his eyes. He felt miserable and he couldn't help but show it, and he didn't really care any more.

"Try me, punk. They'll be home in a little while and I could fuck you up for life in just five minutes!" He pushed Terry over onto his back roughly and stared fiercely into his wide blue eyes. "I want you answer before they get back, buddy, you understand that?" He shoved his hand under Terry's pillow feeling for the brochure that had started the whole nightmare for the kid. It wasn't there. "Okay, where is the damned thing, Terry. Give it to me. Now!"

"I... I threw it out." He was lying and Tom knew it. He had never been a convincing liar. Too damned goodie goodie!

"I'm not gun' to ask you again, kid. Get off your ass and give it to me!" He shook Terry's body violently as he spoke.

Terry crawled reluctantly from the bed and reached under the mattress pulling out the fateful paper. He handed the wrinkled page to his brother with his head bowed in shame and remorse. Tom looked it over briefly and laughed aloud as he waved it in front of Terry's face.

"Just a little something extra to back me up when I have

my heavy talk with the folks. It'll never be the same between Mom and you, ya' know!"

Terry sobbed uncontrollably a few times and sat down on the bed heavily. He dropped his hands into his lap hopelessly and said quietly, "All right, all right I'll go with you. Whatever you say." He sighed deeply, hopelessly.

"That's my little brother. I knew you'd see it my way, kid. You always were pretty smart!" He squeezed the boy's nipple cruelly making him cry out in pain. Then he walked to the closet and pulled out his Polaroid camera. He checked it for film and made sure the battery was still good.

"What's that for?" Terry asked dully.

"Oh, the guy thought we might take a few pictures just for kicks. Don't worry about it. Just relax and enjoy yourself. You'll like him, I hope." Tom avoided looking at his brother and pretended to be more interested in the camera. They both heard the front door close and Terry tensed with apprehension. Tom looked over at him suspiciously, an unspoken threat glimmering in his eyes.

"Do I have to get dressed up for this damned visit or anything? I mean are we going to a dinner or what? Shit, I wish I didn't have to go with you!" Terry was becoming petulant.

"Relax, now! You can't help laughing at the boy's question. Wear as little as possible."

Terry looked at him with a confused expression on his handsome young face. Then he shrugged his shoulders and went back to his book.

Helen called them to dinner about a half an hour later and Tom forced his brother to go to the table with him. Terry stayed in a sullen mood all during the meal.

"Guess what, folks!" Tom beamed at his father across the

table. "Terry's decided to go out with me tonight to see this friend of mine!"

"Well I'll be damned!" His father smiled at Tom approvingly. "I knew you could do it, Son. I knew it."

"Just don't be out too late, you two. . . tomorrow's school." But Helen was nodding her head in approval as she spoke.

"Tom's chest swelled with pride. "Oh, we have to be there by eight and, if 'things' go right, we should be home by ten." He looked mischievously over at Terry who sat just playing with the food on his plate. He had barely touched it.

"You don't look too enthused about the whole thing, Terry," his mother said quietly.

"I'm just a little tired from so much reading, I guess, Mom."

"Well, you start going out more with your brother and you'll feel a hell of a lot better in the long run, believe me!" Mac went back to his eating knowing that what he was saying was the absolute truth. . . as usual.

The ride to the guy's apartment was made in tense silence. Tom had handed Terry the camera to carry. It was now inside a brown paper bag. Tom smiled to himself all the way over and his brother simply sat staring out the window into the darkness, pretending not to care.

As the man opened the door, Tom deliberately remained quiet.

"Jesus Christ! Which one of you beautiful babies is the one I talked to this afternoon, anyhow?" He passed his hands across his eyes in disbelief as he stared approvingly at the two teenagers.

to be continued . . .

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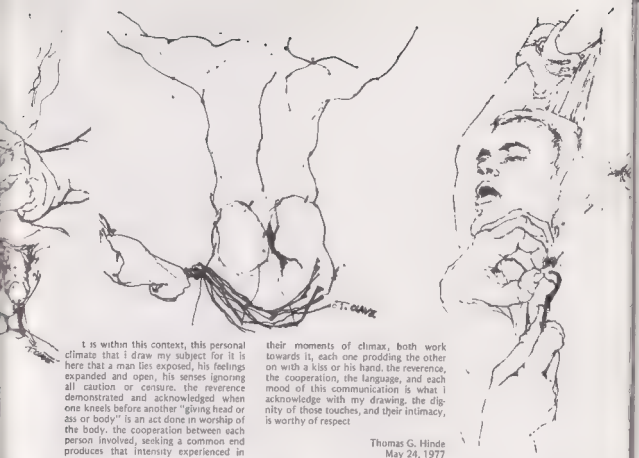
Mr. Hinde was born in San Francisco and was raised in Mill Valley, California and in the Napa Valley, north of the San Francisco Bay Area. He has studied art at the San Francisco Art Institute, College of Marin, St. Mary's College, and the University of California Extension Center in San Francisco. His training includes lithography, etching, silk screen, painting (oil), landscape and portraiture with major emphasis upon life drawing and the human form. His current medium is graphite and pencil, turpentine washes, and pastel. His subject matter could best be summed up with the following

I once saw an alley cat in heat, spread eagle on a concrete walkway between my house and the place next door. looking over the fence I saw her lying flat on her belly with her rear sticking up in the air, her tail whipping from one side to the other. her front claws dug into the concrete path pulling at it, gathering in the alley were several toms fighting with each other over who would mount her first. four of them fucked her savagely and with each thrust she backed farther against that captor mating as violently as she could; she didn't care who screwed her or how many times each one did. she simply lay there howling for more and wanting no pause between shifts.

man as animal, like that alley cat or a bull wild in his mating, man mounting man, the spirit all carnal. man feeling his body, not thinking, enjoying his instincts as he submits to his body, freeing that animal to act: to taste ass, cock, sweat, to slap, kiss, grunt, to fart, to fuck, to eat cock, to rim, to howl, to cry. the power enjoyed while controlling another body whether fucking it, beating it, tying it down or stringing it up. the joy of surrender. the celebration of the animal in man

I draw people who are human, people completely submerged in their sex with bodies which are real, faces filled with feeling, playing with other bodies, bare expressions which are quite direct, in the intensity of this specific sexual language no thought is paid to any reality outside of the immediate. no value exists except the desirability of each body involved and the pride in which each person offers himself. "I am a man," his actions say and as a man he kneels or boastfully stands to take the pleasure he wants.





It is within this context, this personal climate that I draw my subject for it is here that a man lies exposed, his feelings expanded and open, his senses ignoring all caution or censure. The reverence demonstrated and acknowledged when one kneels before another "giving head or ass or body" is an act done in worship of the body. The cooperation between each person involved, seeking a common end produces that intensity experienced in

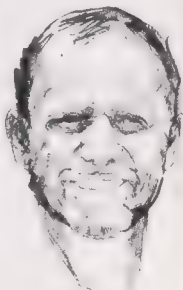
their moments of climax, both work towards it, each one prodding the other on with a kiss or his hand, the reverence, the cooperation, the language, and each mood of this communication is what I acknowledge with my drawing. The dignity of those touches, and their intimacy, is worthy of respect

Thomas G. Hinde
May 24, 1977





Thomas Hinde



Mr. Hinde's ink and pencil drawings have been exhibited in the following locations

GALLERIES

Upper Market Street Gallery, San Francisco 1971

Arlene Lind Gallery, Jackson Street, San Francisco 1975

The Second Floor Gallery, Commercial Street, San Francisco 1975

OTHER EXHIBITIONS

Upper Warehouse Bar, Mission Street, San Francisco, 1971

Napa County Fair, Calistoga, California 1972

The Ambush, "Wallflower, a one man show", Harrison Street, San Francisco 1976

The Ambush, "Portrait", Harrison Street 1977

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Scat Man, San Francisco. Am into running beautiful asses and maybe more from the right guy. Am sort of hung up and nervous, but I am very likable and know what I like. Am also into enemas and drinking piss. Sit your big, beautiful ass on my face and make me wet and eat until the hunger that I've been starving up for years is filled! 50's, 6', 150. Box R399

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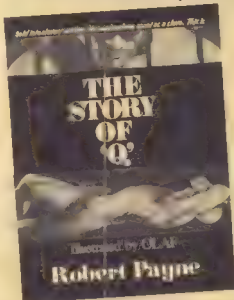
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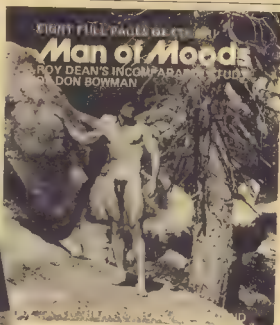
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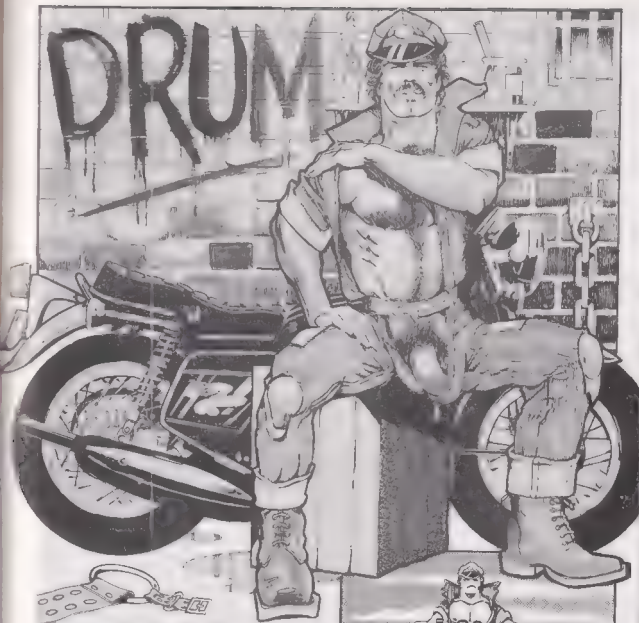
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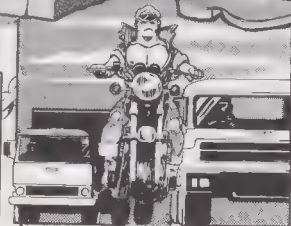
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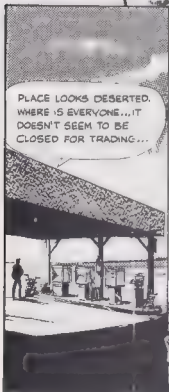
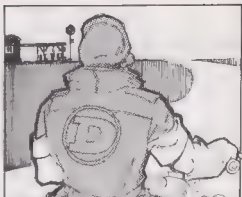
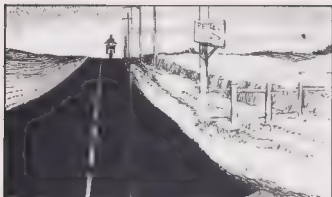
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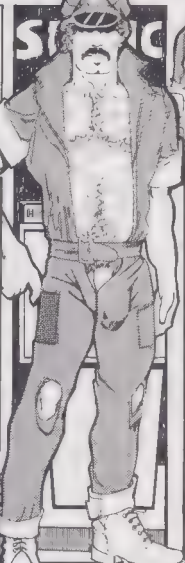


FOLLOWING HIS NIGHTMARE EXPERIENCE WHERE FACT AND FANTASY EMERGED INTO A WHOLE DRUM DECIDED TO 'GET AWAY' TO DRIVE WHEREVER CHANCE WOULD TAKE HIM. HE TUNED HIS BIKE TO PERFECTION - THEN, TAKING NO POSSESSIONS, HE SET OFF.





PLACE LOOKS DESERTED.
WHERE IS EVERYONE...IT
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE
CLOSED FOR TRADING...



MOST
LIKELY A
ONE-MAN
OPERATION
WHO HAS
FALLEN ASLEEP
FROM BOREDOM
I DON'T
SUPPOSE TRADE
IS ALL THAT
KEEN IN
THIS OUT-OF-
THE-WAY SPOT

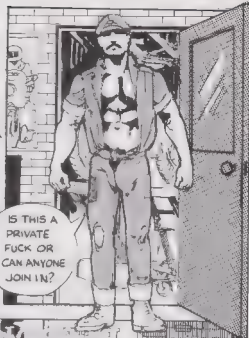


SERVICE

THAT LOOKS LIKE A
GAS STATION UP
AHEAD-I'LL GET
A FULL TANK
AND MAYBE
SOME THING
TO EAT

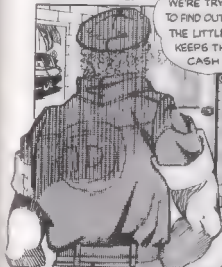


ANYONE HERE?
WHAT ABOUT
SOME SERVICE...!



IS THIS A
PRIVATE
FUCK OR
CAN ANYONE
JOIN IN?

WE'RE TRYING
TO FIND OUT WHERE
THE LITTLE PUNK
KEEPS THE
CASH!



YOU PUSH OFF,
COWBOY. AINT NONE
OF YORE BUSINESS!



LEAVE THE
KID ALONE,
SHITHEADS!



LOOK, MATE,
GET LOST-
OR...

...OR WHAT,
ASSHOLE?



TO BE CONTINUED...



FETISH FETISH F FETISH

Martin
© 1995

ARE ENEMAS YOUR BAG?

By JASON BLEU

Illustration by MARTIN

Most leather men figure that an enema is a whiffy, nasty, messy, and humiliating thing. Girls do it, guess so, but most doctors do it, but rarely do today's leather men think that anybody else does it, or would want to. The association has long been that of the "stuffed-up" old getting a tube, or doctors being pulled down on a powdered lady-lap in an infatigable trip, or East Coast college techniques.

And we've all encountered the spineless douche for cleanliness before going over for the evening, or before getting fucked. But very few leather men, or members of the gay world at large realize that there is much more to the water trip, and that it in itself is a trip... a very sensual, fulfilling trip that goes even further than fisting for complete filling of the ass.

Like any other new trip, you've got to find yourself of what you think the trip is, and what you've been taught to believe about the trip or the very idea of it. Perhaps you will remember the mad idea of you had about leather when you first came in contact with it, that you had the bottom of the heap, that you were wretchedly sick and depressed, that leather and S&M meant bloody cavernous, meg from waters, mutilation and sexual death. If you've grown or been around the leather world enough, you realize that this is just so much bullshit, and that maybe the leather men are forcing the sensitive and caring individuals around.

Try and get rid of your pre-conceived bullshit ideas about enemas. That you are feminine, that they are for little girls and women and drag queens and sick grown up dapper freaks. Get rid of the prejudice that you asked everyone else to get rid of when you accused your particular way of sexuality. Then and only then, can you even begin to understand what the water trip is all about.

The enema trip is not filling a bag sitting on the john, releasing the clench and letting the water shoot up your ass on-stop, writhing in discomfort, wondering that anyone would do such a thing. This kind of enema is a waste of time.

After a few minutes and the doctor tells you to kick out of rehash, let's at least break you in as to what you should do for a little clean out for fisting. We can wash out rid of those who only want to know that much, and sanitize the rest of you with ideas and equipment and so on, if you want to go farther.

For basic clean-outs the idea is not to get the water up as far as it will go. You will only lead to later "fall-out" and unwanted fluid in the rectum when you just desire it. A basic clean out is simply to rid the anal canal and rectum of unwanted matter. You should not be particularly interested in getting water up into the colon or around any curves or heads. Therefore, to accomplish this, you can either stand in the shower or sit on the john, and release the shut-off on your tubing until the pressure is vaguely uncomfortable. At this point you should release the fluid from your body, and anything else that happens to be present with it. If you allow the water to continue further, you will find a build-up of pressure, and then a release, as the water finds its way into the curves of the colon, sometimes resting there for a considerable period of time.

If you are into fisting, you will want a more thorough clean-out. At this point, you will attempt to allow the water to go past the first feeling of pressure. One or more flushings is advisable. You can achieve this by lying on your back on your stomach, stopping the flow briefly when the pressure mounts, breathing deeply and then beginning the flow again until the liquid presses further inside of you. The old medical way of doing it is to lie on your left side with your right knee drawn to your chest, as each knee drawn to your chest, having the bag about two feet above head level, so that as much liquid as your body will allow. Should "cramping" occur, you should stop the flow, breathe deeply, and perhaps massage the stomach and lower abdomen, until the "cramping" passes, and you are allowed to release the flow again. You should remember that

the higher you hold the bag, the faster the flow of the water. Too much too soon is not recommended for the basic clean out... for a heavy scene, yes.

The water should be body temperature, and should not exceed 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Another rule of thumb is that water too hot, or too cold will induce sweeping faster. This being a little subtle to store in your macho head for later use.

There is a variety of equipment to be used, which we will explain in detail later, but for those of you wanting to know where your ass how leads, here's a quick lesson in anatomy. First you have the anus, followed by the anal canal, followed by the rectum, followed by the large intestine, followed by the caecum, followed by the ileum of the small intestine, then the small intestine and onward and upward to the stomach, which you will not reach in any enema trip. And those of you who have heard of people taking so much water that it is spewed from their mouths have been subjected to the bullshit of idiots once again.

Rarely will you pass the large intestine to the caecum which is a pouch like or bag like affair that connects to the ileum of the small intestine. If you have heard of the colon tube, it is this device which will allow water to reach up this far. The colon tube extends for approximately 30" and it is what is used when one describes a "high enema." One enema device is the colonic tube, which is 54" in length, and will travel the length of the large intestine to the connection of the small intestine. The colonic tube is not recommended for water trips or enemas. It is a sophisticated play which should be administered by only the most experienced, and medically competent personalities. The colon tube however is highly effective in the water trip, and once placed is one of the more incredible sensations of the entire scene.

As for equipment, there are three basic types of enema bag. There is the traveling syringe, which is what we call a "hand bag," which has a capacity of about 2 quarts. There is a bag of soft latex

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and folds up into a small pouch or carrying case. It is always wise to have one of these on trips or vacations (Cleanliness is next to Godliness). The open-end fountain syringe is the second type. By open-end, we mean that it is open at the top for pouring in liquids, (great for piss). It is fine if you are hanging it over your head. But if you plan to have a bag on your back or side, you are in trouble. The fountain syringe usually obtainable holds two quarts also. However, they can be found in larger capacities. The last of the basics is the closed-end combination bag, which is usually billed as being able to be used as "douche, enema, or hot water bottle." This is a good type of bag to use if you are planning to have the bag

on the bed with you, or being held by your partner. This type of bag can also be "double-filled" or forced to collapse by hand-pressure which in turn drives the water through the tube.

Another piece of enema equipment that is handy to have is the old-fashioned "enema can" or "watering can." This is precisely what the name implies. It is a two quart capacity can with a small spout at the bottom onto which attaches your favorite hose. This again is an open-end affair and is very practical in that you can keep a jug or container of water nearby to refill it whenever it gets too low. If you are shooting the tube with a partner, it is an exciting event as well, for your partner will find it difficult to judge just how much water has been pumped in because he cannot see through the solid walls of the can, and unlike a bag, he cannot watch it deflate.

The "in-line" pump or Antrum Syringe is a device to have handy as well. This is a length of tube with a pocket or bulb in the center. The idea is to attach each end of the tube inbetween the hose that you are using. You can then release the shut-off clamp and control the flow of water, or whatever, by hand pressure on the bulb. The person pumping the bulb has complete control over the amount, or speed of water in the ass. Physically it is a marvel of sensation, and for psychological games it is quite effective.

You may have also seen at some point in your life, the common rectal bulb syringe, which usually holds about 8-10 ounces of liquid. This type of enema also has its merits. In a situation such as this, you can fill a pail with warm, soapy water, or plain liquid, and begin the "long-slow-fill." Once you have squeezed the contents of the bulb out, you can remove it, and play around, without having to worry about getting caught up in lengths of tube, or pulling the tube from a connection with the bag. After one has reached capacity from the flow, you can also re-inflate the deflated bulb up the ass, and by releasing the bulb, withdraw some of the liquid. This is particularly effective when pressure mounts up beyond the holding point, or for long, extended sessions when you don't want you or your partner to have to hop up repeatedly and hit the john.

For quick-cleaning, before you get into extended sessions, there is also available on the market a shower attachment, which fits onto the shower or bath spout as the case may be and provides a continuous flow of water, non-stop. You must use your own judgement here as to just how much of the city's water supply you want up your ass, and just how clean you want to be.

There are many nozzles to use with your bag, many designed for feeling and sensitivity. One called the "Squash-Blossom" has ribbons of curved hard rubber at the end. Once inserted in the ass, the ribbons can be pushed forward

and back causing quite a ripple of sensuality. The coveted nozzle by any real enthusiast however, is what is called the Bardex nozzle. This little item has an inflatable air balloon at the end of the nozzle with a tube running through it. The whole apparatus is stuffed in the ass, and the balloon inflated. Once inflated, the water can rush through the tubing to fill a gut, but with the balloon in position, it cannot come back out. A wonder for retention enemas. A terror for any slave. The double bardex has two balloons, one which inflates in the ass, the other just on the outside of the ass-hole. For a drop to get past both balloons is a real feat. There is also an air nozzle which in addition to having a channel for water, has an air tube as well. You can shoot either air or water or both. The air gives a lot of turbulence, and sometimes a lot of cramps as well, not to mention the huge gusts of wind that hit the throne when it is expelled.

The colon tube, as we mentioned before, is approximately 30" in length, and is primarily used for "high enemas." The trick of the colon tube is getting it placed correctly, as it must follow along and around the curves of the colon. The tube should be inserted gently and pushed slowly. The recipient should feel no pain. At times a dull feeling of pressure will be noticed as the tube hits a curve. This is to be expected. However, should any sharp feelings of pain hit, the tube should be backtracked a bit, and then pushed forward again. Once the tube is in place, or as you are putting it in, you should check the water flow to make sure that the end of the tube has not been stopped up by whatever is up there waiting to come down. Sometimes the tube will double back on itself, and the water will not flow. An in line pump is very effective for using with the colon tube. If you are able to pump the bulb, you know that the water is flowing. If it is not, retract the tube a short ways and try again until the water does flow, then continue to insert the tube the full length.

Another important thing to remember when you are beginning an enema scene is to "bleed" the tubes. This simply means releasing the shut off and allowing some water to expel the air in the tube. Leaving air in the tube will create turbulence if you allow it to flow in with the water. Also some cramping may occur. If that's what your looking for, more power to you.

Everyone who ever begins the enema scene always has the question "How much is enough, and how much is too much?" Certainly it's a valid point and one worth considering.

Unfortunately, the situation is one that you really must learn from experience. The best way to do this of course, is to experiment on your own. When the water or liquid first enters your rectum, you may feel an initial pressure which is uncomfortable. If you shut the flow off

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for a few moments, your colon will begin adjusting to the new displacement, and will soon allow you to continue the flow. You must remember that the water is following the line of your colon, and your colon does not run in one continuous, straight-as-an-arrow line. So you will be feeling the water reach a curve within you, building up pressure, and then releasing the same pressure inside of you as it plunges its way farther. Nature and her guard angel will tell you when it's time to stop and run for the throne. A perfect illustration of this is what is known as "cramping." The muscles of your colon will tighten up at various points, especially when you've had enough. This is a sharp pain, not dangerous, but most certainly a caution indicator. If you are cramping badly, don't press your luck, so and expel your baggage, and come back refreshed to try for more.

Two things to remember are that 1) there are chunks of matter within your colon that ordinarily would continue downward to a drowning death within the bowl. These substances or "shit" can at times block the flow of water, and cause discomfort. Sometimes you can massage the stomach which in turn will move the colon slightly, and many times allow for the passage of more water. 2) When attempting to take a "full bag," it is wise to occasionally stop the flow of water. If pressure or cramping occurs, and give the colon time to adjust to the new presence within it. The stopping of the water will more likely than not, give you a more comfortable and fulfilling ride.

As to a final note on capacities; a two quart enema is not improbable for 80% of the people attempting it. It is not considered "big league." When you move toward the 2 1/2 quart, you are becoming professional. The 3 quart enema affixes you as expert. The 3 1/2 and 4 quart enemas qualify you as one of the "big boys" and anything beyond that, go immediately to Hollywood, for you are needed a water "STAR."

What to put in your bag is a common question for everyone in the water scene. Let's start by saying what NOT to put in your bag. Do not use harsh detergent soaps . . . a Fels Naptha enema can cramp you for three days running, not to mention the chance of damage. Do not use any commercial laundry soap, I don't care how phosphate free it is. If you must use a commercial soap, Ivory flakes, or Ivory liquid is mild enough. The best soap to use for cleaning is a pure castile soap, or tincture of green soap. A very small quantity, about a teaspoon, is sufficient. The soap, remember, will give more cramping than plain water. If you are planning to hold onto the enema for a while, you're in for a turbulent ride.

The best cleaning enema, believe it or not, is the coffee enema, but with the prices these days, it makes it a costly trip. Mrs. Olsen, however, recommends

it highly. Glycerin enemas are also good and slippery. About 4 ounces of glycerin to two quarts of water. Mineral oil can also be used. A straight mineral oil enema is great for preparation for fisting. Prune juice is a sure crammer, as is phosphate soda (what you find in a Fleet enema at the drugstore). Other preparations include piss enemas, salt enemas, epsom salt enemas and of course the "velvet scorpion" of them all . . . the wine enema, which we will detail later. However, while on the subject of alcohol, let us mention that you should not shoot straight booze up your ass! In many heavy S&M trips, the top will shoot a few shots of vodka or scotch or whatever up there to buzz out the bottom. It is, highly effective, but also highly dangerous. The cells that line the colon are great absorbers, but they are not made of steel and should not be treated so. With any chemical preparation or mixing, use a little sense, and a little caution. The trip is supposed to be fun, not fatal, which is why we are dead set against the sulfuric acid enema.


Let us end up with a few pointers and ideas to tease and taunt your little minds. We have already touched on the use of the colon tube and the bardez in a scene. For fun pain variations, imagine administering a two quart enema of soapy water, and then placing a butt plug in the ass to hold the water in, or if you wish to carry it a bit farther, sealing the butt plug around the edges with hot wax, or taping it in with adhesive tape. Or giving a turbulent enema or a piss enema of the Master's piss, and having the slave wear some very tight jeans, or possibly white pants, to the bars for a casual drink? Or having two enema bags filled, one with hot and one with cold water, the tubes of both connected to a Y attachment, and then giving the recipient a blast of hot, then a blast of cold to really confuse his nerve endings. You can also insert a colon tube full length, and then by placing a vibrator on the end of the tube, send shudders through the boy receiving. Or if you in a stuffing mood, blindfold the slave and stuff a bag of Kraft marshmallows up the ass (capacities run from 9 to 33 of them), and top it off with a nice wine enema. Rubber pants are also great fun, as after you wear them for a few hours, they become hot and slippery and sweaty inside. It's nice then to peel them back, insert the nozzle, and then roll the pants back up which you're giving the enema. You can also place one tube in the ass for giving the enema, and another one, with the clamp shut, one end in the ass, and one in a bucket, so that if the pressure is too great, and the poor fellow is tied up or something macabre like that, you can drain a bit of the water out. Also, a sure grainer is giving an enema and having the slave do a fit up or two to suck you off, or you just might want to sit on his full belly of water and edge your cock to his little lips. All of these things have many variations, and not all of them

have to be in an S&M pain-type trip. The psychological plays can be just as effective. There is the humiliation angle of having to take an enema in front of someone else. There is the obedience angle of having to hold the water or whatever until the Master says enough. There is the bad little boy tactic for punishment. And even the hungry ass technique where the little tyke wants as much of everything he can get up inside of him. A big enema answers that in a jiffy. And of course, an ultimate high right of the water trip is fucking, or getting fucked with a warm enema inside. It is very much like entering a warm ocean and for the receiver it is the ultimate fun.

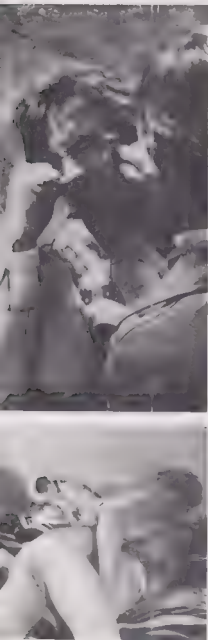
The last item that we should touch on is the wine enema. This is the ultimate of experiences, and the high of highs in the enema trip. Again some caution is indicated. You should not shoot straight wine, because of the alcohol content. Warm wine when entering the ass tends to yield a burning sensation. This is nothing to be alarmed at, especially if you have mixed the enema properly. A good mixture is 1/3 to 1/2 wine, 1/2 water, depending on your tolerance to alcohol. A cardinal rule however, is that the enema must be given SLOWLY. If you are using an inline pump, three squeezes at a time is plenty, stretching the trip out to 20 to 30 minutes. If you are just using a bag, release the shut off for a count of 3 to 5, then stop and wait 3 to 5 minutes before proceeding. Also, do not move too much while you are doing the enema. The wine is not as easy to hold as water, and you don't want to blow the trip too soon. You will definitely get high, and you may not even know just how high you are. We do not suggest driving at all after a wine enema. Just stay in your playroom and have a GOOD time.

As to the kind of wine to use, try a cheap red, but prepare yourself for the fact that when you hit the head you are not bleeding to death . . . the wine is red. We have found the cheap burgundy to be the best. Sweet wines are definitely out. Vintage wines are a waste, Bubbly wines are turbulent. However, champagne is pretty hot.

As a final mention, let us repeat again to do things with a proper amount of consideration and caution. We are not of the opinion that S&M is a hurtful experience. We believe that bringing another person to a point of release or intense passion is not harmful in the least, but decent and understanding. We hope that our leather brothers enter into their scenes with love, not hate.

We hope that you have learned a trick or two from this little article. Perhaps you will develop to a real tube shooter, or bag beggar, or perhaps not. But give it a try. It is healthy you know. And perhaps we'll see each other in the bars sometimes in our "U.S. Enema Team" T-shirts. 

DRUMMER Views The Flicks



star wars

I am told audiences are applauding the crawl of technical credits at the end of George Lucas's *Star Wars*, and I am only mildly surprised. Seeing most films, as I do, at private studio screenings, I am accustomed to hearing dutiful smatterings in homage to everyone from Gaffer to Best Boy. But ovations by a *paying* audience are usually reserved for scenes of mass mayhem or quadruple car crashes. Still, as implied, *Star Wars* provides the most spectacular special effects ever seen on the silver screen (*2001: A Space Odyssey* not excepted), and the public's spontaneous acknowledgment of that fact is gratifying.

In all, there are 363 different effects, as compared with *2001*'s 35. An entire planet is blasted into multi-colored cosmic dust before your very eyes, space ships breathtakingly cavort in superionic dogfights, motion beyond the speed of light is indicated, an entire city dwarfs New York's World Trade Center twin towers, a space-port bar caters to night-marish mutants that put the most outrageous of Muppets to shame, holographic projections beguile the eye and mind.

Yup, what we have here is a real something-for-everybody-type flick. For the kids (of all ages) there is the simplistic, comic strip, hero vs. villain plot. For the adults (ditto) there is the wonderment of all those effects. For boys (of all sexes) there is Carrie Fisher, Eddie and Debby's lovely, if low-busted, daughter, interestingly flawed by what appears to be a bungled nose job in the Nannette Fabray tradition. For the girls (ditto) there is either the gee-golly-gosh teenager portrayed by 25-year-old Mark Hamill or sexily cynical Harrison Ford's impersonation of a wholesome Burt Reynolds.

Finally, for the intellectuals, there is a *sub rosa* history of cinema featuring memorable moments from Melies to Millius, with special bows to Lang, Fleming, Eisenstein, Ford and Huston. Or, your cerebral type can cogitate about the actual identity of the mysterious "Force" (Godhead? Pure Energy? Abstract Thought?) that shotguns for the good guys, and delight in the showdown between Alec Guinness's philosophic sage and David Prowse's Ming-the-Merciless take-off as Lord Darth Vader, whose ultimate escape would seem to prestage an inevitable sequel.

The script Lucas's fifth rewrite — is heavy on plot but heaving on dialog

("Will this never end?" and "This is madness!") characterize the glittering Tin Man-like robot, Threepio (3PO feyly enacted by Anthony Daniels). The score of John Williams, if traditional, is blessedly understated and splendidly played by the London Symphony Orchestra over a superlative sound system. Seventy individuals and five firms are listed in the awesome technical credits, to say nothing of nearly half a hundred "creators," as opposed to a mere 25 actors.

To give credit where it is unqualifiedly due, primary kudos go to Production Designer John Barry, followed, in no particular order of importance, by Gilbert Taylor's incredible cinematography, John Dykstra's supervision of Special Photographic Effects and John Stears' supervision of Special Production and Mechanical Effects, Stuart Freeborn's inventive Make Up, Peter Diamond's Stunt Coordination, Roger Christian's amazing Set Decorations, etc., etc., etc.

Unfortunately, in this "long ago and far, far away galaxy" everyone is excessively overdressed (don't let that central figure on the ads fool you — no such male cleavage appears on the screen), even in the intimacy of their Solaris-like desert habitations (courtesy of Tunisia). But this is a small price to pay for the fastest two hours in recent movie history. Twentieth Century Fox, we thank you for taking this gamble on George Lucas. But, as *Variety* would have it, boffo B.O. is its own reward!

— Ed Franklin

black oak conspiracy

Jesse Vint is at it again. What few of his bones were left unbroken and square millimetres of flesh unscarred as "Bobby Jo" or when he crossed *Macon County Line* are given their due in the New World Pictures R-Rated release, *Black Oak Conspiracy*. This time out, he also functions as his own co-producer (with Tom Clark) and co-writer (with Hugh Smith), claiming "I'm in my element as a producer. One bad thing about acting is that you're not always in control of your fate, but as a producer you get to exercise a certain amount of control."

When one so ingeniously accepts that kind of responsibility, he is automatically vulnerable to whatever praise or blame is in order for the result. Here, it is a mixed bag, but Vint must take his licks from the critics as readily as he subjects himself to the brutal harassments of the clutch of villains peopling this film, in the course of which he is progressively framed, chased, beaten, and burned.

All of the mayhem is pegged on your standard good-guy-vs.-small-town-red-necks formula that has proved so dear to those who inhabit boondock drive-ins. Vint, as Hollywood stuntman Jingo Johnson, returns home to Black Oak and learns that his mother's mysterious disease

and a mining company land swindle are "nked by a scandal that threatens to destroy the small community.

Sheriff Grimes (Albert Salmi, further parodying a once-promising talent) takes time out from his extramarital affair with a partner in crime, Nurse Beulah Barnes (Mary Wilcox, working very hard) to track Jingo's every move. There is dirty work afoot! Enigmatic Doc Roades (Will Hare) is close-mouthed about the strange blood disorder that afflicts only local residents, and a father son team of mine owners and their hired thugs aggressively get into the act. Happily, our beleaguered hero does manage a tender night of nude bliss with former sweetheart Lucy Metcalf (Louisiana-born Karen Carlson in her first, and interesting, major film role).

Among other townsfolk is an array of actors who seem to have taken up permanent residence in these kinds of towns: Seymour Cassel, Robert F. Lyons, Vic Perrin, Darby Hinton, etc. Their very presence lends an uncomfortable familiarity to the proceedings, all under the energetic direction of Bob Kelljan. (Those many Toms and Bobs and Dons behind the scenes provide a major clue to the quality of this effort — under more prestigious circumstances they would almost certainly be Thomases and Roberts and Donalds.)

— E.F.

eruption

As cavalierly unreel by a bumbling projectionist, the first answer print (still in need of color correction) of producer-director Stanley Kurlan's porn flick *Eruption* offered, in addition to some nice Hawaii locations, one great big positive value — the celebrated John Holmes cock. Rarely seen in repose, that enormous organ, as familiar a filmic landmark as Elliot Gould's hairy shoulders, dominates this movie this way the Washington Monument towers over D.C.

Having become a national treasure, this Holmes guy (onetime "Johnny Wadd") merits at least cursory examination. Attached to that awesome tool is a

lanky, David Carradine-like body topped by a Frank Converse head (itself, in this instance, topped by newly-permed blond locks and, yes, empirical evidence indicates Mr. Holmes is, unquestionably, a natural blond). His line reading, although more often than not limited to a muttered "bulshit" or "asshole," reveal some degree of intelligence, and he has learned to move with authority even when dressed. So, naturally, he gets top billing.

The big publicity push, however, is focused on *Hustler* centerfold star Leslie Bovee, a middling attractive brunette with good tits and an aversion to wearing clothes. She gives head effectively, even when confronted with Holme's phallic challenge, but one is forced to conclude that when it comes to acting her breech exceeds her gasp. Banal as screenwriter Justin Welton's dialog might be, it surely deserves more proficient rendering than is accorded by Ms. Bovee's monotonous mouthings.

Dialog implies plot, and, sandwiched awkwardly between loop-like couplings (the film is more spliced than edited), plot there is. Strongly reminiscent of the 1944 *Double Indemnity* chestnut involving frustrated wife-impotent husband-sexy insurance man, it serves primarily to allow the performers to replenish their vital juices. The meant-to-be-a-surprising ending comes off more half-cocked than Hitchcock.

But the success or failure of *Eruption* will depend on audience response to the explicit sex scenes. Accompanied by the predictable complement of sighs, sobs, grunts, groans, and risqué ad libs ("Oh, do it to me, I love it!"), we are privy, in addition to standard boy-girl twosomes, to two interesting threesomes. One of these, in a pool, involves two guys (who never touch each other) and one gal; and the other, in a gymnasium, two gals (who certainly do touch each other) and one guy. Relentlessly sexist, the phallus-fixated direction insists that gals do all the heavy work, while guys just lie back and enjoy being serviced.

Jack Mathew's photography, basically of the voyeuristic persuasion, includes some anatomically informative Extreme Close-Ups of genitalia, slow motion cum shots, and an occasional split screen device that enables the audience to view, simultaneously, the details of the sex act and the facial reactions thereto. Except for the initial mating of Holmes and Bovee on a beach — his *Sweet Away* pounding matching that of the surf — where the insertion of his sand-covered cock made at least this critic cringe emphatically, all the bodies involved are, from heads to toe, almost obscenely squeaky clean.

Among those present in a cast of tens, you will especially remember attractive and admirably-hung Jack Aldis in the pool scene, and, if your taste runs to a well-fed Gabriel Kaplan lookalike, Wynne Golburn as the unidentified stud in that non sequesterish gymnasium sequence. However, in the long (!) run, those endless inches of John Holmes are the rule by which this flick will ultimately be measured.

— E.F.

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DRUMMER Reads The Books



MIDNIGHT EXPRESS by Billy Hayes (with William Hoffer). Thomas Congdon Books, E. P. Dutton, 201 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y., 10003. Hardbound, 280 pp. \$7.95.

Billy Hayes in the late sixties was your typical boy-next-door: blond, blue-eyed, wiry slim, tightly-muscled, athletic, a wrestler, surfer and lifeguard. As were so many kids coming to maturity in those dismal years, middle-class Billy was a college dropout (Marquette), into grass and hash, wandering aimlessly around Europe, typically representative of the mislaid generation. Until October 6, 1970, that is, when he was busted for stupidly attempting to smuggle two kilos (about four pounds) of hashish through Turkish customs at the Yesilkoy International Airport outside Istanbul.

Subsequently, from his twenty-third to his twenty-eighth year, he lived a literal nightmare in Turkish prisons and a mental hospital, tortured and degraded. All of this is reported in graphic detail in *Midnight Express*, the book he wrote (with William Hoffer) which has been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club and Playboy Book Club, purchased by a paperback publisher, and soon to become the basis of a movie produced by Peter Guber Filmworks (*The Deep*).

Hayes, in partial payment for those five lost, prime years, surely deserves everything he can get. A victim of the Nixon administration's decision to clamp down on Turkish heroin trafficking, he was used by the vindictive Turks as a showpiece — the first American apprehended. He was given a longer sentence than customary, a sentence ultimately (and heartbreakingly) extended from four to thirty years! His hairbreadth escape, via the "Midnight Express," is worth a book of his own.

The real villain in this book is actually Billy Hayes' own government, playing politics with one precious life.

From the moment of his apprehension, Hayes' blond hair and good looks subjected him to "special attention," applied in a variety of humiliating ways: "The chief on my left hit me a quick back-handed fist to the groin . . . stripped the clothes from my body . . . searched me. I stood there stark naked and extremely uncomfortable. Since I'd been in Turkey I'd come to think that many Turkish men tend toward bisexuality. Every cab

driver, every waiter, every bazaar vender had seemed to leer at me. Now standing naked in front of the customs officers I felt the same hungry stares. They made no effort to conceal their interest."

Shipped off to Sigmaglik prison in Istanbul, the special treatment meted out Billy Hayes escalated. On one occasion, when he got into a fight trying to hang on to his single bed sheet, he was dragged, wearing only pants and shoes, to a punishment cell. There, "They tore my shoes off. Then my pants. I kicked and screamed . . . They grabbed a heavy rope and wrapped it around my ankles. Two guards held either end of the rope, pulled it apart, and dragged my bare feet up into the air." Then, one of the guards, with "a thick wooden club about four feet long and two or three inches wide," applied *falaka* to the soles of those bare feet.

Hayes explains that "homosexuality was a legal and moral crime, but it was rampant in the prison. The very guards who were supposed to be in control of this situation seemed to gain sexual pleasure from binding and beating a man with his pants off." When pushed into one crowded room, Hayes recalls, "I felt a hand rub my behind. Then it reached down to caress my testicles." If he yielded to a "call of nature" and squatted down over a hole cut into the floor, Hayes notes that "a Turkish prisoner came over and squatted down in front of me. He began to masturbate while he stared at my penis."

Though not gay, Hayes eventually becomes lovers with a young guitar playing Swede (now a band leader) identified only as "Arne." The two of them developed a touching morning routine. "I woke first," Hayes reminisces, "and slipped on my shorts. I walked barefoot over to Arne's bunk and laid a hand on his shoulder. He woke quiet and smiling. We gathered up our blankets . . . Sometimes, into the early morning, we just sat. Sometimes we made love."

Certainly in no danger of being confused with great literature, and perhaps overly-susceptible to the easy cliché, *Midnight Express* nevertheless maintains a steady narrative force on the foundation of its lived reality that automatically places it in the category of one of the best true prison-and-escape stories of our time. This one is a must.

Ed Franklin

THE FALCONER, by John Cheever. A Borzoi Book published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 201 East 50th St., New York, N.Y., 10022. Hardbound, 211 pages. \$7.95.

John Cheever's *Falconer* is not the homosexual love story so many of my straight colleagues have been startled into believing it to be. It is, rather, the saga of a 48-year-old man, husband and father, who discovers through imprisonment that his desire to live surpasses his need for love. This discovery is as much a surprise to the reader as to the protagonist, and brings about a denouement as satisfying as it is unexpected.

One of our finest and least acclaimed writers (his only accolades are the 1958 National Book Award and the Howells Medal for Fiction in 1965), John Cheever has too long been denigrated as a darling of *The New Yorker* cocktail party set, an evaluation apparently based on his impeccable prose style and O'Hara-like ear for the way people talk. With *Falconer*, he should reach the broad readership that is his due, an audience heretofore either unwilling or unable to respond to his earlier novels, *The Wapshot Chronicle*, *The Wapshot Scandal*, and *Bullet Park*.

"Falconer," the name of a Correctional Facility (Cheever lives outside Ossining and teaches at Sing Sing), exists both as a plane in space and a state of mind. Convicted of fratricide, drug-addicted English professor Ezekiel Farragut is assigned there to cellblock F: "F stands for fucks, freaks, fools, fruits, first-timers, fat-asses, phantoms, funnies, fanatics, feeblies, fences and farts," he is told.

The stupefying horrors of prison routine, revealed through subtle easings into flashbacks that flesh-out both character and situation, comprise the substance of the book. Its shadow is the novel's artistry at inference, allowing readers to apprehend as well as understand. One short scene of dialog, for example, is all Cheever needs to etch a vivid picture of Farragut's bisexual, bitchy, frustrated wife, without resorting to one word of literal description.

Jody, the hustler inmate with whom Farragut falls in love, is drawn only as "a slight young man with black hair." They have sex two or three times a week (of the softcore variety), and Jody is suddenly motivated to reveal the tricks of

n's trade: "One. Let the other fellow feel that all the good ideas are his. Two. Throw down a challenge. Three. Open up with praise and honest appreciation. Four. If you're wrong admit it quickly. Five. Get the other person saying yes. Six. Talk about your mistakes. Seven. Let the other man save his face. Eight. Use encouragement. Nine. Make the thing you want to do seem easy. Ten. Make the other person seem happy about doing what you want. Shit, man, any hustler knows that. That's my life, that's the story of my life..."

Such insights abound in this beautifully-structured, spare, compassionate work. Attend, for a moment to this rumination: "Hanging plants, Farragut thought, were the beloved of the truly lonely — those men and women who, burning with lust, ambition and nostalgia, watered their hanging plants. They cultivated their hanging plants and he guessed that they talked to them since they talked to everything else — doors, tables and the wind up the chimney."

There is a conventional villain, deputy warden Chisholm who "gets his kicks out of watching men in withdrawal" from their addiction, but the true evil is a penological system that idly allows the nurturing of such a type. Farragut may rail against "the sovereignty of his unruly cock . . . the most critical link in our chain of survival," but it is the debilitating environment that forces this focus upon him. His affair with Jody vaguely disturbs him ("he had not loved a man since he left the Boy Scouts . . . (rolling) naked off his last naked scout-master"), but it enables him to retain his sanity.

Falconer is a very, very *sane* book, accurate in argot, refined in style, disturbing in impact. As one man's journey from here to infirmity and back again, it is worthy of a place alongside the best of Ford Maddox Ford.

— E.F.

VOYAGE, by Sterling Hayden. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y., 10016. Hardbound, 700 pages. \$12.95

Sterling Hayden's *Voyage*, the ballsy actor's second novel (his first — and much less ambitious, *Wanderer*, was modestly received by critics and public), is a 700-page plunge into the seas of the Western Hemisphere during calendar year 1896 — a tidy 365-day period cannily-chosen to dramatize the thematic strands of social injustice and political philandering that tie a multiplicity of characters and events together.

Divided into five "Books," the 106 staccato-like chapters lurch dizzily, by land and by sea, across half the known world and deal with characters from every conceivable stratum of American society. Primary among these are robber-baron Banning Butler Blanchard, awesomely hung ship captain Irons Saul Pendleton, society butterfly Lois Montgomery and Mrs. Montague Cutting, sadistic first mate Otto Lassiter, seaman Simon Basil Harwar, and writer-spokesman Gordon Fitzhugh Stirling (sic) Royle MacLeod.

Hayden has structured his book as carefully as a spider's web, starting at an infinity of outer threads and working implacably inward toward a vortex that enmeshes and entraps. Two major plotlines are the ironically-juxtaposed journeyings of a huge, steel-hulled, four-masted, square-rigged barque and a luxurious private yacht. The former helmslip, "Nep-tune's Car," is carrying coal from the East Coast to San Francisco, while the latter, the "Atalanta," is on an idyllic cruise through the South Pacific.

Both arrive in San Francisco on the eve of the Bryan-McKinley Presidential election, but it must be noted that author Hayden is more at ease storming around the Horn than he is sniffing around the smoke-filled backrooms of a Chicago political convention. Indeed, such is the apparent accuracy of 19th Century seamanship argot and nautical terms that the inclusion of a Glossary would have added significantly to complete understanding ("Her dories were double-gripped. Her trysails — a wedge against the night — stood like a sheet-iron wing. Her foresail and jumbo were reefed. And her jib was

where it belonged, out of the way, triced up and swathed in gaskets, high above the bowsprit").

Vigorously masculine images, however, tend toward the universal. "snout like a thick phallus," a moustache like "a winged asshole," the hull of the barque "red . . . the color of hot blood," and "she's (the wind) blowin' like a pansy in the Turk Street Baths." Floggings, brass knuckle beatings, shanghaies, tar-and-featherings, all are set forth in a deluge of adjectives that bespeak a well-thumbed Roget tucked away among the actor's author's shelves.

Part historical adventure, part political tract, part social document, over-ambitious and over-written, *Voyage* is nonetheless successful as a celebration of the indomitable human spirit, pinpointed in writer MacLeod's agonized decision, near the climax, to remain with the barque, "forgoing the easy exit, hanging on till the bitter end — whatever that might be — thus, perhaps — and it really didn't matter — transcending himself for once."

— E.F.



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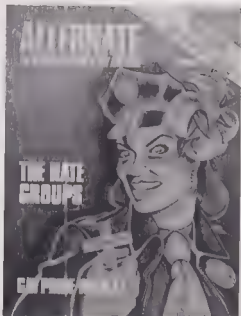
We noticed an episode involving a haircut (and shave) in San Francisco photographer JIM STEWART's "MEN OF THE SOUTH OF MARKET" series. We set it aside when we were running that series in issue #14 and asked Jim about it. He came up with three more shots to complete the story.

Jim lives in the South of Market area of the bay city and does much of his photography in that neighborhood and at various locations ranging from Mount Diabolo to the Slot Hotel.



I'm has cited his group of shots
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JOHN RECHY INTERVIEW

Continued from Page 11

find in myself a great deal that's not together, and I'm trying to get it together, but I like myself. Now this book is thrusting on many people things they don't want to look at or think about. That's what I want them to do, though. Let's start thinking about them. Explore what connection each act has to the sexual. Is it intrinsically sexual, or is it sexual by transference? Fisting is a hateful violation of the body and is a flirtation with death—

DRUMMER: It's an extreme of a particular sexual act.

RECHY: It's flirting with death!

DRUMMER: In your book you conjure images of a pile-driver plunging mindlessly into an ass, when that's not the fact. I was aroused in San Francisco when fisting came out of the closet. It was an extending of the size of the cock; a further, deeper penetration and exploration of the body — never did I or anyone address it as an insult to the body.

RECHY: Now let's do a close-up on this. There are always symbols. When you think of a fist, and you clench a fist, and you look at it, that, the fist itself, is an act of aggression. A fist is used to assault.

DRUMMER: That wasn't the original concept.

RECHY: It is not called 'hand-fucking.' It is not called 'arm-fucking.'

DRUMMER: Originally, it wasn't 'called' anything at all. It was just *DONE*. The concept of humiliation has been introduced to what was then a physical experience.

RECHY: Deal with the construction of the body. **DRUMMER:** had an article not too long ago describing how to fisting. At the bottom, almost as an afterthought, came the caution: Be careful with this act, since perforation of whatever may occur and result in death. Well, hideous maimings and deaths have occurred. The mind may be prepared to accept a need for bigger and bigger and more and more, but the body isn't. It's as if your mind says "I can stand 2000 pounds of pressure on my chest." Your mind can cope with the concept, but your body will be crushed by the weight.

DRUMMER: There are those who, with adequate preparation, can accomplish extraordinary physical feats.

RECHY: All right, but fisting is becoming prevalent, and no one is exploring what they're doing or why. Fantasy is leading into Reality and it's very much a new chic performance. I find a modern metaphor in what's happening in New York. There is a gay place in New York which ritualistically performs *no* performs fisting. And straight set-setters go there to watch. Incredible! The straight people who have thrown us into all these ugly rituals watch us as gladiators about to destroy ourselves. Performing as freaks for them. That's in a sense what keeps us from being proud and shedding all this guilt. I think we have a responsibility to each other not to perpetrate that guilt, but to clear it away. Recently I saw a young man step out of a porno movie. He looked very new to gay life. He followed me a little

way then suddenly blurted: "I don't have very much money!" It wasn't a hustling area, and I hadn't said anything, so why was this terrific looking young man thinking he'd have to pay anybody, man? We talked and I took him home. He told me he was new to all this, he hadn't much experience with men, so we got home — and right away the guy's on his knees in front of me! It seems in the movie this guy had picked up a hustler and then subjugated himself to the hustler. The young man thought that was the way it should be done, that he's got to do this because of that movie. I very carefully led it away from that into a mutual act that had to do with sharing other things than that movie's hist. Those of us who've been around a while owe it to the new people coming out to be re-

"S&M doesn't deal with hatred; S&M deals with love. It doesn't deal with pain, it deals with a new dimension of pleasure! That is clearly an argument that counters itself because, by arguing that, you acknowledge pain to be negative and hatred to be negative."

sponsible and care. That's another thing I hate about S&M the father — son dichotomy is really violated. The Greek concept of loving teacher sharing his wisdom with the loving pupil. In S&M the negative aspects of the role are emphasized: the dominating, punishing, mean father.

DRUMMER: What do you think of some of these rituals as art forms? All art is a ritualization of nature.

RECHY: Symbols and metaphors.

DRUMMER: Do you feel S&M rituals could serve to reflect on and interpret nature?

RECHY: I want to be truthful despite the unpopularity of what my truth might be. I honestly wish I could say yes, but I don't think so, really. I'm talking of myself and my own rituals of S&M when we ritualize something from a negative, the positive is cancelled and we abdicate the need to stop feeling guilty and continue reafirming guilt.

DRUMMER: You seem to call certain physical acts from S&M and re-call them as 'power oriented' sex.

RECHY: When the basis is an imitation of what straights have done to insult us, I find no reconciliation with that. The ritual of power playing straight to another's 'queer' when it deals with gay humiliation and guilt, I find it reactionary. When I look at your magazine and see those acts of flagellation and cocks wrapped up and blindfolds and mouths stuffed — again the story of the Black and the other destroying pride — I rage! I feel an incredible anger, NOT at the guy who has written this, NOT at the people who have posed for the pictures, NOT at

the people who publish the magazine, but, you know at whom? At the straight world that has brought us to the point that we now celebrate the torture they have thrust upon us. I want to emphasize: my criticism is not of S&M but of the straight world having pushed us to where we not only imitate their hatred but even perform it for them! In this context, following, we have overcome their shit we have survived to produce some of the best art, the best fucking, the best of living — but we haven't overcome enough to escape the punishing rituals.

DRUMMER: You call for revolution in The Sexual Outlaw, but I don't find your revolutionary confronting society or making demands on society or sacrificing anything, really, for his cause; he's merely heightening his own self-awareness by taking risks with his freedom in a very close secret, almost guarded situation. You say repeatedly that the straight world never sees him, only the police are aware of his activities. So why do you call this a sexual revolutionary?

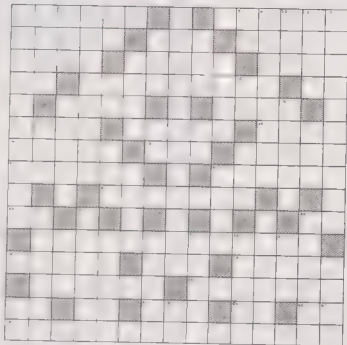
RECHY: No problem, really, in answering that. The police are the assigned guards of the general mores. The police move when the people condone. If the people said, "No more arrests of homosexuals," the pressure on the police would be to move away. When we confront the police, we do indeed confront straight society because in the police is absorbed all the laws from the Establishment: to fuck, to suck, to do such-and-such in public, or wherever they designate, is against the law.

The police represent all the straight repressions. This is how it is confronted. Now, as far as no risk taking, the risk that any homosexual takes — it appalls me when people claim homosexuals are sissies and lack courage! The incredible courage required to simply go and cruise; it's not a matter of not risk-taking. There's an enormous risk taken. Your life can be turned upside down in one instant. A cap can merely come up to you and say, "You're under arrest for" He will say whatever he wants — we know that cops lie, they're notorious for it.

DRUMMER: I have to interrupt here to ask for a clarification. The kind of risk your revolutionary is taking is analogous to a Russian dissident in outer Siberia being quietly picked up by the local GPU, thrown into the Gulag Archipelago, and becomes a victim of a massive machine. His protest is not heard because he disappears in the silent dark. I don't claim there is no risk; I know personally there is a risk. I'm saying he's not throwing himself into the open and making a statement to the world.

RECHY: Good points, but certainly answerable. In the first place, I distrust martyrdom. I suspect martyrs. Causes often deliberately martyrize for their purposes, right or left-wing. I distrust martyrdom and martyrs; I think they're Masochists and that their thing is not Revolution at all but personal masochism and also a kind of unadmitted flamboyance. We have to talk in a gay context, though. Other examples — such as a Russian dissident, hold only to a point. In the gay context, there is not a great dif-

CROSS WORDS



ACROSS

- 1 Under the prepuce
- 7 Lower yourself
- 13 Rewind
- 14 Free on Board
- 15 Nymph of Moslem Paradise
- 17 Past Russian ruler
- 18 Majestic home
- 20 Cheap whore house
- 21 Sex jolly
- 22 I love the back door
- 25 Tuberculosis
- 26 The back door of 22 across
- 27 Caught in the act
- 29 Not down you
- 31 In the toilet
- 34 Shaking
- 36 See shore
- 38 Go wrong
- 39 Breaks quickly
- 40 Do something oral
- 42 Vegetable
- 43 All messed up
- 44 Ruthenium (abbr)
- 45 Cent (abbr)
- 46 Evacuate otically
- 56 Absence of a ---
- 57 Some
- 58 Desert greenery
- 59 Defecate on
- 60 Works on orally
- 61 Clara Bow had it
- 62 Scottish one
- 63 30's and 40's jazz style
- 65 Eastern State (abbr)
- 66 Note of scale
- 68 Have some scat with me in the pig pen.

DOWN

- 1 Oral eroticist
- 2 Misty
- 3 Age
- 4 Strangeness
- 5 Northern Midwest State (abbr)
- 6 That which covers 1. across
- 8 I am
- 9 Rough, trade on a pier
- 10 Belonging to us
- 11 Holy ---
- 12 Lunch lightly & scatalogically
- 14 Fairly
- 15 Borough (abbr)
- 16 Not a hit
- 19 For sure
- 23 Dutch (abbr)
- 24 Interjection registering inquiry
- 26 Gather
- 24 Repeated
- 30 Hawaiian food
- 32 Tellurium (abbr)
- 33 Either ---
- 38 Not downs
- 37 --- for tat
- 39 Unhappy
- 41 Permanent
- 42 Done with the tongue
- 45 Makes use of for
- 46 Suitable for a son or daughter
- 47 Wasteland in Brit. Isles
- 48 The ennobled, Latin, plural
- 50 His or her loyal highness
- 51 Image for worship
- 52 Sunburned boy or girl lover
- 53 --- a masiac
- 54 You get more when you are ---
- 55 Irish (abbr)
- 65 The important player in a game of tag

SOLUTION NEXT ISSUE

ference from what happens to women concerning rape. Societal and parental pressures surrounding rape have so long victimized women and held them responsible for their own rape, it has kept women from going to court against rapists. We have allowed prosecutors to destroy women for their sexuality, O.K.? The matter of rape as politics, and the power of women to combat rape, was muted because - as you say - it happened in silence. The women's movement has now done a whole thing on the politics of rape, and women progressively are coming out and saying they have been raped. What has changed now? The attitude of the police. Certain laws have changed. The woman is definitely the victim and society is now being informed. I'm leading to the reality of what is happening to the homosexual. We get busted. We rush into court with a copped plea. We thank God it's a misdemeanor. Whew! Probation, everything. Quiet. It's Over. Shamed. Don't use my name. Don't tell people I've been busted. Don't. That is the atmosphere. If magazines and newspapers did what the woman's movement is doing and said "Look, it is *they* who are wrong, for *busting* you. There's no shame in having been busted," and if we then crowded the court rooms - tell them we've been busted for nothing, let our names come out, we would cast aside that darkness. Although you are right, it happens too much in silence, it doesn't have to. I understand the people whose jobs and lives are threatened; they understand all this, too. They work on it, I'm sure, and that's where this radical consciousness that happened with women must happen with gays. That mass bust that happened should be advertised by the gay media and the straight media. We have to deal with it and expose it. We must not allow the many good straight people to become "Good Germans," and say "I didn't know what was happening." We've got to let them know that it's happening! Question the law in public, not in private.

DRUMMER: You say that, but none of the evidence in the book seems to indicate public confrontation with the police.

RECHY: The raid on Griffith Park? Yes. But the police are the representatives.

DRUMMER: Yes. But then you go right to the other side of the park and nobody there knows what is happening.

RECHY: That was very important that I show that the straight people are not aware.

DRUMMER: They should have been made aware then...

RECHY: My book! My book in itself; the fact that it's on the best-seller list indicates not only gays are reading it. My book itself is an act of Revolution. Those people on the other side who don't know what's happening will know when they read this book. So, in my context, the act of Revolution is dual: 1) Telling the straight people "this is our open defiance." 2) Telling gay people that, you may not know it, but you are the advance guard of something that has never happened in our society. Don't fuck it up.



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NYC MC CLUBS

New York City Leather mecca of the East Coast, and home of 14 closely knit clubs. Not all bike clubs, mind you, but the feeling of camaraderie, brotherhood, and masculine love permeates them all. No N.Y.C. club can be listed by the one or two star system, or no few sentences can describe their many activities, past or present. However here, in minute form, I shall attempt to do so. A word in passing to all club brothers reading this, New York City's Leather Fraternity welcomes you to our city, and upon seeing any of the below club people, feel free to walk right over and say hello . . . for we are all a part of YOUR family . . .

CYCLE M.C. One of the older and more established clubs in New York City, (their membership is international) this club has just completed holding one of their most popular annual events: The Fire Island Fringe, a club magazine, Wheels, is widely read all over the world. They are some of the most friendly, outgoing group you would ever encounter.

EMPIRE CITY M.C.: A bike loving and bike riding club, boasting some of the most popular macho men in N.Y.C., this group is a pleasure to behold!

EXCELSIOR M.C.: How these men fit into their Levi's I'll never know. One word comes to mind: Humpy! . . . Two years old this past June 7th, they have really become a part of New York's leather/western scene.

F.A.G., M.T. A new group just forming in N.Y.C. (The F.A.G. standing for Fresh Air Group) these men are as interesting as their name. All the best in your efforts!

F.F.A.: A group you can always count on to lend a hand (or two). Their club bar nights are a wonder to behold!

IRON GUARD B.C.: Another two year old group of men, they plan their first event on August 12-13, called "Getting Around Town." And from the preliminary plans I got wind of, it'll be a blast!

NEW YORK LEVI CLUB: A dynamite bunch of guys with fantastic leadership. Well known and seen in almost every leather bar in town, these men have

become synonymous with the words leather/western.

NINE PLUS CLUB: They've just become 9 years old! And they're going stronger than ever. They are formed as a social club, and social they certainly are. With club members that are known internationally, this is a club that is difficult to write about in just a few sentences. They are in the process of acquiring a new clubhouse, but in the coming months, no visit to New York City is complete without stopping by to say hello.

NOVA N.Y.C.: Exploding upon the New York L/L scene almost two years ago, these men are currently planning their "NOVA Starburst 77," July 9th, celebrating their second anniversary. Their magazine NOVA NEWS is fast becoming a "must" for the happenings in and around New York City.

PRAETORIANS: This uniform-wearing club has become extremely well known and loved in the past six years of their existence. Their one-night anniversary affairs are the toast of the entire East Coast. I don't know what they're plan-

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THE PUREST!

ning for their seventh anniversary on Oct. 8th, but last year it was a three-deck excursion boat ride up the Hudson River with ALL the trimmings!

TRASH: One has to be a fun-loving person to belong to this group. At first looked upon as a parody of a club, this group of fun-seekers has really shown us all what a club is all about! The membership are among the sexiest in the city and when you find more than one of them together, it's an instant party!

WHEELS M.C.: The only 8 year old club with 9 anniversary events, this club is a leader among the leather/western club scene. Known far and wide for their show-blz anniversary events, at this printing they have just completed their 8th birthday with a three-day campout in N.Y. State. Their club magazine, Tread, is one of New York's most awaited publications.

UYAMC of NY: Need you ask what the UYA stands for? One of New York's grooviest biker's clubs.

LONG ISLAND SPUDS: Although I have listed the New York City clubs in alphabetical order, no list would be complete without the mention of the Long Island Spuds. As much a part of New York City as they are of Long Island, this club belongs in this listing. Under fantastic leadership, this group has the respect and admiration of the entire East Coast. One cannot attend an event in this area without seeing at least one Spud, or as more often, the whole bagful!

And there you have them, 14 extensions of YOU . . . your brothers, your scene, and just as important, your individuality. Most all the above clubs would welcome your correspondence and letters, and when in the Big Apple, look us up!

Yours in Brotherhood,
IM WITHROW

RUNS & EVENTS

JULY 9: NOVA "Starburst '77" in New York City

JULY 15-17: Spartans "Marathon"

JULY 22-24: 2nd City/Pride/Chicago Knights . . . "Prairie Fire" near Chicago

AUGUST 5-7: Shipmates "Keelhaul" . . . Baltimore

AUGUST 12-13: Iron Guard "Getting Around Town" in New York City



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MEN'S BAR SCENE MEN'S BAR

THE WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER WESTERN/LEATHER/WESTERN LEATH



A freshly whitewashed storefront stands on the corner of Christopher & Hudson streets in New York City. Huge glass bulbs hang over the doorway illuminating the place where once there was a name. Ads calling for entrants in the "Mr. Thick Dick" and "Long Dong" contests flutter half-taped against the windows.

Inside, wooden racks hold cellophanned porno magazines *Skateboard Hero*, *Joy Boy*, *Hard Up*, the bi-racial *East Meets West*.

A counter displays various erotic devices. Most amazing perhaps is the full sized hard rubber arm, ending in a clenched fist. The man behind the counter tweeks playfully at the plastic knuckles. "You gotta use a lotta Crisco to take that one," he says.

A turnstile is in a doorway in the back corner of the store. Behind the turnstile sits a chubby blond person of indeterminate sex. His hands jangle the coins in his newsboy apron.

You hand him coins or a bill which he exchanges for 50-cent pieces. After inserting the coin in the turnstile, you slip into the backroom.

Half a dozen little booths stand ready to show films at 43 seconds for a quarter. They are never used for that purpose.

About 10 o'clock the early crowd begins to arrive. Everyone takes his place—one to a booth. An unwritten law seems to permit only two posers.

Mostly bearded men in tight Levis and plaid shirts or brown leather jackets stand in the doorways leaning on their right shoulders. They hook their right thumbs under their belts. The left hand rests palm outwards on the doorjamb, loose and ready for action.

Smooth faces, more passive men sit in the corner of the little booths, each resting their hands demurely in his lap.

The later arrivals pick from among the booths like from windows at the Automat.

A blond boy walks up to a standing

man. He unzips the jacket in front of him and opens the shirt beneath. The boy's tongue darts across the left nipple and hardens to a glistening point. The taller bearded man grabs the younger's wrist and pushes it to his crotch. The denim bulges beneath his hand.

The boy opens the fly and works his fingers over the tip of the just-freed cock. A few drops of fluid ooze out under his touch.

The snake-like tongue follows a path of hair down the chest to the pulsating rod below. He teases the tip before swallowing it till he gags. Wrapping his left arm around the man in front of him, the boy drops his right hand to his own fly and releases his hard cock. He strokes his cock to the same rhythm he sucks on the one above.

Variations of this scene soon fill almost every booth. Before long the participants spill onto the floor and into the other booths. A shadowy human mountain range: standing peaks and kneeling valleys.

Further west on Christopher Street is the *Studio Bookshop*. You enter their backroom through a pair of swinging saloon-type doors after paying your fifty cents to the cashier.

More men kneel at *The Studio* than at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Christmas Eve. The movie booths in the back are plastered with signs.

"Please don't deposit any money in the machines. They don't work."

Those breathless or bored have a wooden grandstand along one wall from which to watch the action. Above the grandstand, a couple or three enjoy the more horizontal position of intimate shelf space.

At the *Studio Bookshop*, even the backroom has a backroom: an open courtyard behind the building. A slice of nature for those who like to give and get theirs under the stars.

The bookstores are least classy, most

functional of the backroom places. There are no games. No drinking. No floor shows.

A big step up from the bookstores are the backroom bars. The most popular of these are the *International Stud*, *The Arvil*, and *The Tallet*.

In the front room of the *Stud*, a tall half-bald man misses his pool shot and slams the cue against the table. Oppos to him, four doors crowd the wall in back of the pinball machine.

"We've got the only take-your-pick Johns in the city," brags the bartender.

On the first door they are all painted black is the warning. DEFINITELY NOT!, emphasized with a red exclamation point. Next to that is a gentler, question-marked, "Maybe."

These bathrooms are usually empty, as men line up for the third and fourth doors.

The third pictures a provocative y shaped cactus plant and the legend, "OUCH!" The last door stands completely black with only the Superman "S" on its front.

These bathrooms are only minor diversions, four Donald Ducks in the Disneyland of backrooms. The entrance to Fantasyland is through the archway at the end of the bar.

A Bushy Berkely movie fills one wall of the backroom. Stand ng room only except for the few kneelers who manage to work themselves into a corner.

Goldiggers of 1933 is playing on the west wall. Two silhouetted rows of soldiers march in opposite directions. Joan Blondell laments the plight of the World's Forgotten Man, punctuated by the sound from the floor-of rasping zipper teeth.

After a time for 'rethreading and drinking, the new feature begins: "Jock itch."

Opening shot. A football field, Pigeon-toed, babyfaced footballers pump into solid jocks while vaguely playing with the ball.

On the backroom floor a few people "Ahhemm" their throats clear. A tall bearded man about 40 kneels in front of a dark muscular 18 year old. The boy is passive. His bare eyes stare blankly into the crowd. The knecer has a twitch. He reaches up to unbuckle the belt, row at eye level. There is no resistance from the blonde.

On the screen, one of the players a broad built man with a perfectly trimmed mustache jabs a young Latin in the chest with the side of his hand. The other throws back a blow that just grazes his chin.

The musclemen punches back. The Latin pulls away. Whenever the Latin pulls back, the musclemen uses the time to strip off another piece of clothing. Soon he's bare and faces his opponent with two fists and a nine inch lance.

The Latin does a quick turn and sends his right foot toward his opponent's balls.

{ SCENE MEN'S BAR SCENE ME

THE/WESTERN/LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATHER WESTERN LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATH

The muscleman sidesteps, grabs the flying leg and comes down on top of the Latin. He locks his tanned arms behind his back and forces the Spanish face against the lockerroom floor. With his free hand he pulls down the Latin's pants and plunges a finger into his ass. Then he pulls out the finger and places the tip of his huge cock against the tight opening. He lunges. The boy lets out a silent scream.

"Heecccc, love! to love you back!" blares the disco record. On the floor a laugh breaks the mood, and a thousand glaring eyes turn toward the offender. This is serious business.

Things are a bit jollier at *The Anvil*, although not until you get inside. An evil giant blocks the doorway.

"When was the last time you were here?"

If you make the mistake of saying "Never," you will continue that situation. "Last Wednesday."

"Oh yeah? How much did you pay to get in?"

I had heard the guy ahead of me "Two dollars."

"What'd you get for your two dollars?" "Not you," I said, snapping my fingers in most sincere disappointment.

He smiled, gave me two beer tickets and winked in.

Through the door. Turn right. Through another door. A blue streak flashes across the ceiling. An acrobat swings over the bar, his legs wrapped around a wooden trapeze. The light from a rotating mirrorball exaggerates the acrobat's beard tries to hide.

Suddenly two men swing across the room. The other, clean shaven, wears a leather collar around his neck with a chain from it down his chest. The other end is invisible, tucked into the front of his jeans. They join and swing together with their legs entwined.

I set my beer on the bar and settle to watch the artists.

A hinking boot kicked my arm. "Could you please move? I gotta dance here." came a voice from above.

I looked up. The hiking boots were on the feet of a young black man whose only other attire was leopardskin BVD's, the front of which seemed to contain two ostrich eggs and a baby boy. I moved the beer quickly and he danced by along the bar.

On a separate stage away from the bar was yet another dancer. This one, sprayed with glitter, sparkled in the light, giving a glorious sweaty appearance without the odor or effort needed to produce it. If his dancing was not outstanding, his clothes more than made up for it.

To start at the top, he wore a derby. His upper torso was draped in a denim vest. Below gleamed the huge zipper of his leather jockstrap, something which must occasionally cause much inadvertent pain.

Continued on Page 81



CHAPS

It frequently seems that a lot of the truly hard-on leather bars are all clustered together. Shit, nobody has to tell you what they mean when they say Folsom Street. Or Santa Monica Boulevard. Or the Dockstrip in New York.

Then there are the wild mavericks, the bars that somehow don't belong where they are. And, just for that reason, they seem to have a special quality. The Gold Coast in Chicago. The Interchange in Detroit. The Triangle in Denver.

And add to that last list Chaps in New York. Chaps is located in New York's Upper East Side, home of Bloomingdale's, radical chic, and Uncle Charlie's. It's the spiritual mecca of all the trendy gay stuff you see advertised in *After Dark*.

So when John Ford told a few friends that he wanted to open a dynamite leather/Levi bar on Manhattan's Upper East Side, the predications were about as encouraging as a bad case of hepatitis. But, son of a bitch!, if Chaps hasn't turned out to be one of the hottest, homiest, and humpiest bars around.

And you can blame John for it all. A native of Iceland, John is just as hunky as the Chaps clientele. And he wouldn't have it any other way.

He started with a long narrow bar and amply endowed it with amply endowed bartenders, sawdust floors, a pool table, and what appears to be all the artifacts from the Southwest he could get in the cargo hold of a 707.

"People said it wouldn't work," confesses John. But it did and to such an extent that he can relax a bit now. "After six months I felt we had attracted the right crowd so we abolished the dress

code (leather or western, no ties or women). We still have one rule though: no drag queens."

Clearly, John doesn't fuck around with a good thing. Responding to his people, Chaps has instituted a "Trash Nite" which occurs roughly on the last Wednesday of the month.

It's a semi-private affair (check with the bartender for details and a ticket) and for five bucks you can suck on two cold beers and as many inches as you can handle.

"Trash Nite" expands the concept of the bar considerably and while it doesn't become a notorious pants-around-the-ankles backroom (New York's got those too, you horny bastard, it does promote an intimacy found at places like San Francisco's cozy Boot Camp).

Typically, the guys in Chaps are heavy into Levi's and good sex, and John is frequently pressed into service as a matchmaker by some dude with a specific request. There's even been some fist-fucking done on the pool table and while that's not regular entertainment it does show you that Chaps is eager to lend a hand in helping you get your rocks off.

There are various activities through the weeks with movies on Monday, dances on Sunday, and possibly some club nights in the future.

Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking is yet to come. John seems to be fast acquiring the majority of the block and will soon open a hotel, two restaurants, a leather shop, and possibly a bath house. "Sort of one-stop shopping," says John with a sly grin. More like one-stop fucking I'd say.

So you can see, it doesn't really matter where you're located. What matters is where you're at.

PAUL EDWARDS

DRUMMER 77

MEN'S BAR SCENE MEN'S BAR

THE WESTERN LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH

To the best of DRUMMER's knowledge, all of these bars are still alive and living in Leather. If you can keep us informed of openings and/or closings of Leather Bars in your area or let us know what we have missed it will keep us all informed of where the Leather action is.

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Bunkhouse . . . 4516 Santa Monica

Debut . . . 1087 Manzanita

1170 . . . 1170 N. Western Ave.

FALCON'S LAIR . . . 742 N. Highland Ave.

Griff's . . . 5574 Melrose Ave.

Headquarters . . . 1941 Hyperion Ave.

Jaguar . . . 7611 Santa Monica Blvd.

LARRY'S . . . 5414 Melrose Ave.

LEATHERMAKER . . . 2518 Sunset Blvd.

Manhattan Saloon . . . 2692 S. La Cienega

ONE WAY . . . 612 N. Hoover

OUTCAST . . . 4223 Santa Monica Blvd.

RUSTY NAIL . . . 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.

SILVER DOLLAR SALOON 4356 Sunset Blvd.

THE SPIKE . . . 7746 Santa Monica Blvd.

Stud . . . 4216 Melrose Ave.

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Driveshaft . . . 13761 Victory Blvd.

Farmhouse . . . 12315 Ventura Blvd.

Frank's Buckaroo Inn . . . 902 Hollywood Way

The Signal . . . 10522 Burbank Blvd.

Mayloft . . . 11818 Ventura Blvd.

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BEE JAY'S . . . 750 Indio St.

THE HOLE . . . 2820 Lytton

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AMBUSH . . . 1351 Harrison St.

Bolt . . . 1347 Folson

BOOT CAMP . . . 1010 Bryant

Dude . . . 990 Post (at Larkin)

FEBE'S . . . 1501 Folson

Federal Hotel . . . 1087 Market St.

HOMBRE . . . 2348 Market St.

LEATHERNECK . . . 278 11th St.

LION PUB . . . 2062 D. Visadero

Polk Gulch Saloon . . . 1090 Post

Rainbow Cattle Co. . . 199 Valencia

RAMROD . . . 1255 Folson

Round-up . . . 298 6th St.

Saddle Tramp Saloon . . . 1087 Sutter St.

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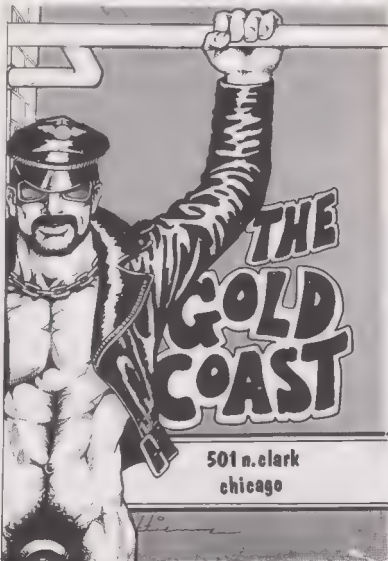
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IN "fighting words" PASSING

We are indebted to the SAN FRANCISCO SENTINEL for the following editorial by Charles Lee Morris, who, we feel, says just about what we would say ourselves.

"So-called gay folks would just as soon kill you as look at you."

Thus spake the Reverend Jerry Falwell at a Miami rally thrashed together by Anita Bryant as part of her vicious anti-gay crusade.

No, Reverend Mr. Falwell, we're not out to slaughter anybody.

But let me tell you, sir, that we're hopping mad and ready to fight. In Miami. In Pennsylvania. In New Hampshire. In Little Rock. And even, sir, right here in San Francisco.

Fight for what, you ask, Mr. Falwell?

For our right to survive. For our right to walk down the street and share a glorious moment of freedom unchained by the shackles with which you religious bigots would enslave us.

And sir, we're ready to fight you in the courts, in the voting booth, in the halls of august and not-so-august legislatures, fight you in the echoing chambers of Congress, and—if need be—we'll fight you in the streets and trenches to preserve our freedom from your tyranny.

My God, sir, what gives you the right to impose your religious beliefs on the course of civil law? If you hold that right

unto yourself why shouldn't the smallest, most fanatical splintered religious sect have the same right to impose their convictions in the same manner? You, sir, oppose homosexuality. Other religions oppose the consumption of Coca Cola. Haven't they the equal right to sanction that belief in law?

Or can't you comprehend that in this country, by our Constitution, religion has nothing whatsoever to do with civil law?

You and your gang of bigots have declared war on us. And we shall resist. We will fight you every step of the way if you persist in your evil campaign against us. We have been forewarned by the experience of six million European Jews and 220,000 known gay people who perished in the Nazi campaign not unsimilar to yours.

We'll not let you once again deprive us of our freedom, treat us like freaks, allow your children to taunt and attack us while you praise them (as were good Jew-baiting German children) for their "manly" defense of an image which exists nowhere in reality save in your distorted view of yourself.

Nor, be warned, will we allow politicians to trample over us at will because they fear the power of your vote. The justice on our side is far more potent in the long run than the distorted, twisted picture of "law" you can conjure up in the name of organized religion.

We'll not be fooled by high-sounding campaigns like "majority vote" and vote for measures which would strip us of our political allies and destroy our influence.

You, sir, have given us adequate warning. We are alert. We shall remain vigilant. We see your evil for what it is. History has taught us the destructiveness of your ways. Should your campaign drag more of us into concentration camp ovens, know now that we'll not go meekly.

In fact, we won't go at all.

The BEST of and the WORST of DRUMMER



A daily-disposed Public Service Message from

The BEST of and the WORST of DRUMMER

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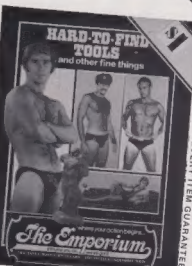
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